



Coggin.



Wm. Somers



Archee



W. K. S.

ENGLAND'S
JESTS,
 REFIN'D
 AND
 IMPROV'D.



Amners



W. K. S.



Wm. Robin



Wm. S.

ENGLAND's
Compleat Jester,

Refin'd and Improv'd :

WITH

The Addition of Eight New Delightful and Pleasant NOVELS never before Printed.

AND

An Excellent Receipt to Cure mad
LOVE.

To which is yet farther Added,
Many New and Diverting LETTERS,
with their ANSWERS, Extremely
Comical and Entertaining.

The Fifth Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. W. for J. Sprint, and
G. Conyers, both in Little-Britain. 1716.

Price One Shilling.



Scoggin.



Will. Somers



Archee



T. K. S.

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Amners



Capt. Kicks



Poor. Robin



A. Head

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TO THE
READER.

THE good Acceptance which this Little BOOK met with generally from the World, in its First Edition, hath oblig'd me to the Reprinting of it, having still the same Reasons for publishing it now, as brought it into the Press at first, which are your Pleasure, and my Profit. I may tell you, that without Vanity, that These in this Edition, are a Collection of the best Jestts that ever spoke English; and I have been so Nice in their Composure, e'er I would suffer them to come abroad, that I assure you, as they are here, they are the Work of one of the finest Hands in the World, a Wit so great, that every Stroke is a Master-Piece, whose quick Judgment, and nice Palate, could admit of nothing but Delicates; such as I am sure, if a Man were very Malancholy, would upon reading of them, never fail to make him, what I always wish the Reader to be, very merry, and good humour'd.



Farewel.

England's JESTS Refin'd, &c.

1.

NEAR Lyn in Norfolk, there liv'd in the Time of Oliver, and the Rump Parliament one John Thursby, Esq; The Government had Occasion to borrow Money on the Public Faith, and a certain Sum was to be rais'd in that part of Norfolk; for which purpose, he, amongst other Mony'd Men, whom they look'd upon as disaffected, was summon'd to the Town-Hall to complete the Loan: Before he goes out in the Morning, he and his Wife, pray God send (when I come before the Commissioners) that I speak wisely. Away he goes, and is not long there, before the Crier of the Court summons him by Name, *John Thursby*, Esq; The Gentleman strove to get near, but cou'd not for the great Crowd, and therefore answers, *Here I am, but I can get no higher*: Way was made therefore for *John Thursby*, and when he came to the Bar, the Commissioners told him, He was desir'd to lend the Parliament 250 Pounds; To which he gravely replies, *On my Word, Gentlemen, if I were but as willing, as I am able, I would do it with all my Heart*: The Court laugh'd heartily, and told him, Since he had given them of his Ability, They'd make him willing, and call'd a New Cause.

2.

There was a young Lady that had been long tantalized with an old Husband, who at last having the good hap at once to bury her Husband, and come to a good Estate, look'd sharp out to satisfy her long long desires: Now amongst her Gallants, there was

A 3

one, who having been disabl'd in the *Low-Country* Service, knowing there was no way to please a Widow, a young, lusty, amorous Widow, without [that] Limb, quaintly contrives to make a shew however of a great deal of vigour thereabouts, and to that purpose puts a great live Eel into a long Bag which he fastens about his waste in such fashion, that the Head hangs down in his Breeches between his Legs; Thus provided, away goes he to the Widow tozes her, pulls her into his Lap, where she's hugely tickled in her Imagination at the brisk Motions of the suppos'd Representatives of her Gallants Family: For sit how she wou'd, as long as in his Lap, she was sure to have a Bob at her B—ch: Her Friends Perswasions were all thrown away upon her; a fiddle for their rich or worshipful Husbands, this was the Man for her Money: Well, they are married, and to Bed they go; but alas! here the Scene changes; the poor Gentleman had nothing to bob her there; his Vigour was in the bag, and pull'd off with his Breeches; the first Night he pretends to be drunk, the second Night falls a sleep before he was a Bed; she tir'd and vex'd, was resolv'd to be disappointed no longer; in the Morning, my Dear, says she, amorously drawing near him, will you resolve me one Question? Faithfully, replies he; cover'd with Blushes, What was that, saith the Lady, that used to be in your Breeches, when I used to sit in your Lap? He begs her pardon, promises to be as endearing as he could, and tells her the Story of the Eel; Well, says the Lady, half crying, *What can't be cur'd, must be endur'd*; but if ever it be my good Luck to be a Widow again, I'm resolv'd, for your sake, *I'll know whether the next be Fish or Flesh or no, beforehand.*

3.

An old Curmudgeon in the Country had a Couple of Sons, the Elder of his Father's Humour, up early
and

and late, always busie: The Younger Brother, as being the better Gentleman, cou'd make a shift to lie a Bed and sleep 'till Noon: The Elder having been out early one Morning, in his Walk finds a Purse of Gold, which he brings home to Vather; up stairs walks the good old Man, and upbraiding the other, see here (saith he) you lazy booby, Brother hath found a Purse of Gold this Morn; if you cou'd get up a Mornings, perhaps some good might come of you too; Vather, saith the Fellow, pray Vather don't be so woundy Passions, for I'll tell you Vather — What, saith the Father? Why I'll tell you Vather — What Sirrah? I'll tell you Vather — What, what will you tell me, you — ? Why saith and Troth, he that lost it had better have been in Bed, as I am.

4.

A young Gentleman walking along *Paul's Church-yard*, was taken so short, that he must of Necessity do it in the Street or his Breecher; the Street is pitch'd upon as the cleaner Course; He makes no more ado, but turns his Face to the Wall, and his other end looks directly down *Long-street*: His Fortune would have it, a modish young Gentleman was handing along a squeamish young Lady, who surpriz'd to be so impudently star'd at backward, hides her Face, and would by no means be persuaded to stir one Step farther: An Affront of this nature makes the Lover draw near the Monster and bespeak it; What reason, thou nasty Devil, could tempt thee, if you must needs sh— in the open Street, cou'd you not have turn'd your Face; thank you for that I Faith, why that's the way to be seen; besides every body knows my Face, and no body knows my A—se; at which comical Reply, off walks he as much out of Countenance as his Mistress; and upon the Matter, both of them stay'd 'till the stop was over.

5.

A Country Fellow who held his Farm by a Conditional Lease, which he had broken ; his Landlord, who had his Eye upon a better Tennant, wanted to turn him out, and comes one day and told him he must provide himself, for his Lease was forfeit : Do you hear *Jean*, says the Fellow to his Wife, Landlord saith we must be gone, the Lease is forfeit, but I'll go to Council and ask : Away he goes ; the Council tells him 'twas true ; Ay, and what must I do then, saith the Fellow : Why, your best way, (replied the Council) will be to chuse Two *Arbitrators* and an *Umpire*, they may bring it to a *Conclusion* ; so home he goes : Well, what News, crys *Jean* ? News, quoth he, I've a Trick for my Landlord I saith ; Well, but what of the Lease ? The Lease, the Lease is Surfeit, but I must choose Two *Fornicators* and a *Trumpeter* ; Well, and what then, cries *Jean* ? What then, ye fool ? Why then they'll bring the Matter to *Confusion*.

6.

A young extravagant Beau, having spent all his Estate, was reduced to live by his Wits ; and coming by a Bankers where they were telling Money, he turns to his Boy (as bad a Rogue as himself) and orders him to go into the Shop and catch up a handfull of Money, but to lay it all down again, and come after him : The Boy does as he is order'd, goes into the Shop, takes up the Money, lays it down again, and runs to his Master, and the Banker's Man after him : the Spark looks about, demands the Reason why he pursu'd his Boy : they told him he had stoln some Money ; 'tis false, cries the Boy ; 'tis true, says the Man, and back you shall go to my Master ; and coming to the Shop, the Banker told the Spark, his Boy had robb'd him ; says the Boy I han't ; with that the Banker laid hands on him ; the Master goes to rescue him, till at length high Words rose,

England's Jeſts.

roſe, and the Banker tells the Beau he's a ſhaking Fellow, and he wou'd ſend him to Newgate for robbing him; for what his Boy did was by his Order: This enrages the Spark, that he ſwore he'd have Satisfaction; but firſt demands what Sum they charge the Boy with; anſwer was made, They cou'd not eaſily tell, but from ſuch a Heap, which was Fifty Pounds, he had taken a handful; Well, ſays the Spark, pray tell it over; accordingly 'twas done, and the Money ſound right to a Penny; which the Banker ſeeing, ask'd Pardon for the Affront, but the Spark told him that ſhou'd not ſerve the Abufe he had giv'n a Perſon of his Quality, and immediately goes and has the Banker arreſted in an Action of Defamation and Scandal; the Sergeant that did it, was well feed by the Spark, which made the Fellow conclude him ſome Nobleman, therefore he tells the Banker, his beſt way was to compound the Matter, for he had affronted a Perſon of Quality that wou'd make him ſoundly pay for it, if he proceeded any farther: The Banker fearful of the Matter, and a Lover of his Peace, concluded the Sergeant in the right, therefore offers 20 Pounds to agree it; but that the Spark wou'd not hear of; nevertheless, with much Perſwaſions, he was brought to take 20 Pounds, and end the Difference: However, this did not content our Spark, but he muſt have more of the Banker's Money; and accordingly he and his Boy watch'd their Opportunity when they were telling Gold, and giving ſome Sign to his Boy, into the Shop the Rogue goes, inatches up a handful, and brought it away; at which ſome Strangers that were in the Shop call'd to the Apprentice to ſtop the Boy; No (cries the Apprentice) I don't intend it, for I know him too well to do ſo; for my Maſter hath paid ſawce already for ſtopping him; in the mean time the Boy had time to ſecure him-
A 5

self; and see what his Impudence had given him, which was near Forty Guinea's.

7.

An old Man with a great Beard, standing near a Carr-Horse, the poor Horse, taking his Beard for a Bottle of Hay, snapt at it; which made the old Man give such a leap back, that he stumbl'd into the Kennel; but when he got up, he fell to cudgelling the Horse, and in a great rage cry'd out, You plaguey Toad, who made you a Barber, that you must attempt to shave me, with a pox to you?

8.

An ingenious Cavalier hearing that an old Friend of his was made a Cardinal, went to congratulate him in his New Honour; pray, Sir, says the (Cardinal, looking very strangely upon him) give me the favour of your Name and Business; I am come (says the Cavalier) to condole with your Eminence, and tell you how heartily I pity Men that are overcharg'd with Preferment, because it burthens Folks Brains to that Degree, that they can neither see, hear, nor understand other Men, and makes them absolutely forget them, as if they had never seen them before in their lives.

9.

A harmless Country Lass coming to *London* (along with the carrier) for a Service, he amongst other discourse ask'd her, What her Name was; she told him, *Jean Jenkins*; O cries the Carrier, *Jean's* a Name that will not be lik'd in *London*; No says the Maid, why what Name shall I have? Why *Prissella*, answer'd the Carrier; on which they concluded; and to a very good Service went the Maid, that us'd to command the Children and Servants to be catechiz'd at Church; and coming to the Maids turn to be examin'd, the Minister ask'd her Name; *Prissella*, answer'd she: *Who gave you that Name*, says the Minister? Why, *Dobson* the Carrier, cries she: O

O fie, says the Minister, you must say my God-fathers and Godmothers: *Ab pox* (cries the Maid) *you lack so sell me a Bargain, do you?* And in a great pett went out of the Church.

10.

Some Gentlemen travelling in the West of England, spy'd a Brook in a Field, where a lusty Country Girl (with her Coats truss'd up half way her thighs) was bucking her Cloaths; says one of the Gentlemen, Let's ride up and banter that Wench; with all our Hearts, cry'd the other, tho' I'll lay a Bottle of Wine she answers you; None, says the other, so coming up to the Maid, Sweet-heart says he, what makes your Thighs so red? Oh Sir, (reply's she) I carry Fire in my Breech, and want your Nose, for a Bucket, to take up Water to quench it. This quick Reply hindred his Second Attack, and yielding his Wager lost, they rid on their way.

11.

A Gentleman that had been a great Traveller, would often in his Discourse, suffer his Tongue to run on very romantick Stories; which a Friend of his, having several times observed, advis'd him by way of Caution that he would not expose himself, as he did in all Company: Whereupon, the other confess'd 'twas a great Fault, but he had so us'd himself to Lying, that he knew not when he did it; tho' for the future, he desired his Friend to tread on his Toe, the next time he was about to romance. This concluded on, they go their ways to a Tavern, where meeting with Company, the Gentleman was intreated to entertain them with a relation of what he had seen in his Travels: The Gentleman gives the Company an account of strange things; as of very fine Flanders Lace, made of the Shavings of deal boards, &c. but what was most surprizing, was, of a Church in the *Strights*, that was two Miles long. *Why Sir,* says one of the Company, how broad might it

be? (at that instant, his Friend treading on his Toe) Why, says he; two Foot broad; at which they all laugh'd very heartily, telling him, this indeed, was worth his Remarks; which made him so mad to be catch'd, that in a great rage, he turns to his Friend, saying, *A pox on you, this is along of you, for had you let me alone, I had made it as broad as 'twas long.*

12.

Two young Students were in a deep Dispute about the Man in the Moon, whether he was a Gentleman, or a Citizen; and after several *Pro's* and *Con's*, one of them wittily solves the Matter, by telling the other, when she appear'd with two Horns, then he might swear a Citizen was there.

13.

A young Bravado having been in the West, was ask'd at his Return, by a Gentleman (that knew him a Coward) what great Exploits he had performed. Why, I have kill'd two Men for my own share, cries our Soldier: Indeed you fought valiantly, says the Gentleman, but sure you did not kill so many; yes indeed; says he, I kill'd five; why, that's abundance; answers the Gentleman, sure you mistake; no upon my Honour, Sir, says he, I did slay one; that may be, replies the Gentleman; but pray how did you kill him? I cut his Legs off, cries Captain *Brag*; indeed, says the Gentleman, you had better have cut his Head off; Oh, says he, that was off before.

14.

In *Oliver's* Time, Justices of Peace having the Power to Marry People, there comes a young Couple for a cast of his Office; but in less than Three Weeks after, the young Woman comes crying to the Justice, for the Wrong he had done her, in marrying of her; Why, says the Justice, what's the matter? Matter, cries she, truly if I had thought there had been no more in Matrimony than I find there is, I'd never have married: More than you find, says the

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the Justice, why, what is it that's wanting? Nay, I don't know, answered she; but I know no more Difference, in no respect, than I did before: Oh, replies the Justice, I perceive your Husband does not do his Duty, therefore, pray bring him before me. Away goes the Woman, and fetches her Husband, whom the Justice soundly reprimands for not performing his Duty: The poor Fellow, very harmlessly tells his Worship, indeed he did not know what he meant by Duty; but if the Justice pleased to shew him, he would do his endeavour to learn. With that, Mr. Justice takes the Woman into the next Room, lays her on the Couch, and then calls for her Husband, bidding him mind what he did, that another time he might do the like, and then to work goes the Justice on the Woman, who often call'd to her Husband, saying, *Pray John mind what his Worship does.* After the Justice had finish'd his Business, he demanded of the Husband if he thought he could do the same; to which, the Woman making Answer, *I pray your Worship, shew him once more, that he may be perfect.* Not at this time, says the Justice, but to morrow, if you come, I question not but to make him a perfect Workman: So returning his Worship a great many Thanks, home they went, in order to practice their Duty.

15.

Apeller, the famous Painter, had drawn the Picture of *Alexander the Great* on Horseback, and presenting it to him, *Alexander* gave it not the Praise, so that a Piece deserved, which made *Apeller*, desire a living Horse might be brought; who seeing the Picture, fell to pawing and neighing, taking it for a Rival; at which, *Apelles* ingeniously tells the Emperor, That his Horse understood Painting better than he.

16.

A young Rake of the Town, was had before the Lord Mayor on some Misdemeanor, and after Examination, was ask'd by my Lord, if he could say the

Lord's Prayer; yet very well, answers the Spark; *pray let's hear you*, says my Lord; with that he begins a Popish Prayer, *Hail Mary full of Grace*; at which his Lordship very angrily, bids him away with his *Hail Marys*, and repeat the *Belief*: the Youngster begins, and goes on while he came to *Born of the Virgin Mary*; and there making a full stop, cries out hastily, *Here she is again, my Lord, what shall I do with her now?* This set the whole Court a laughing, and for the Humour's sake he was dismiss'd.

17.

A Country Farmer bringing Rent to a Bishop, and never being in his Presence before, saluted him, with a *May it please your Worship*; at which, one of the Servants whispering in his Ear, bid him say *Grace* instead of *Worship*: What, cries the Farmer, must I say *Grace* when there is no Meat; but if 'tis this Country Fashion, 'tis on odd one; and putting his Hat before his Eyes, says this *Grace*:

*The God of Love
Sends from above
Old Swords and rusty Sickles,
To cut the Guts,
And Throats of such
That will not eat their Victuals.*

The Bishop wondering at the Fellow, demanded the meaning; and understanding 'twas done thro' misapprehension, laugh'd heartily at the Jest, and dismiss'd his gracious Tenant.

18.

An arch young Knave, meeting an old Man, whose Age and Infirmary had brought his Body to the shape of a Bow. Pray Father, says the Boy; will you sell that Bow; Save your Money you Fool you, says the Man, for when you come to my Years, you shall have such a Bow for nothing.

19.

A Gentleman that was under some Trouble, had a Quaker of his intimate Acquaintance came to console with him in his Misfortunes; and boasting greatly of his own Integrity, advised the Gentleman to confess a Judgment to him of all he had; the Gentleman knowing the Quaker better than to trust him in so great an Affair, made answer, He would not confess a Judgment to him, but he would pray heartily to Heaven, to send a Judgment upon him, and that a severe one, for designing to wrong so many poor Children as he was Father of.

20.

A formal piece of Gravity, about the Age of Threescore and ten, without ever so much as knowing a Woman from a Weather-cock. The Devil ow'd him a Shame, and at last paid him liberally, in making the old doting Fop, marry a young Girl; for he would often complain afterwards, how unaccountably he had disposed of his Time: *When I was a young Man, says he, I wanted a Wife, and now I am an old Man, my Wife wants a Husband.*

21.

A Doctor of Divinity that had a good Estate, and no Child; and desirous to make himself memorable to Posterity, by a publick piece of Charity, orders a Causey to be made to a Market-Town, for the free Passage of Travellers: And as the Labourers were at work, the Doctor was over-seeing them, when a Noble Man came by, who had no great respect for Men of his Coat, jeeringly tells the Doctor, For all the Cost he had been at, I don't think this *the Way to Heaven*: Indeed I am of your Mind, quoth the Doctor, *For then I cou'd not expect to have met your Lordship here.*

22.

Two great Cheats seeing a Gentleman with a very rich Coat on, going into a Tavern, says one to the other,

other, I'll lay you what you will, I get that Coat from the Gentleman, e'er he comes out of the House; That sure, is impossible, cries the other, and wagers Ten Pounds: Away goes the Sharper, and at the Tavern, pretends to be the Gentleman's Man, desiring one of the Drawers to lend him an Apron, because he always fill'd his Master's Wine: Thus equip'd, he enters the Gentleman's Room, with a *Dye call Gentlemen*, as one of the Drawers; which happening as they rung the Bell, he was bid bring up a flask of Red, which he nimbly performs, entering with clean Glasses; and in filling out the Wine, he watches an opportunity of coming behind the Gentleman, and with a sharp Razor for the purpose, slits a great Hole in his Coats: The Glass had gone round, and out goes the Fellow, and stands at the Door waiting, against the Company call'd, which quickly was done thro' the Gentleman's rising from his Seat, and turning, discover'd to his Companions the Hole in his Coat; at which there was great wonderment how it should come, and the supposed Drawer sent down to the Master of the House, to borrow a Night Gown to slip on while his Coat was fin'draw'd up: The Fellow bringing the Gown, is ordered by the Gentleman, to carry his Coat to mending; which he takes, and fails not to tell him, what an extraordinary Workman liv'd just by, and thither he would carry it, and stay while 'twas done: But after some Hours waiting, the Gentleman grew impatient, and call'd to know the meaning of the Fellows long stay: Answer was made him, That his Man was not yet return'd; the Gentleman could not imagine what they meant by his Man, telling them, he had none with him at that time: Yes, Sir, says the Drawer, you had, and he it was that waited on you all this Evening: Zoons, cries the Gentleman in a rage, I tell you, I brought no Man out with me to Day: And

upon

upon further search in the Matter, plainly discovers the Cheat.

23.

A Country Fellow thatching a Barn, had an arch young Rogue of a Boy, to carry him Straw; and a great Hog coming by, turns up his Head, as if he were listning; says the Father to the Boy, Can you tell what that Hog is thinking of? I warrant you (cries the Boy) he's a hatching of Mischief. And while the Man was busie on the Ladder at his work, the young Rogue hunts the Hog just under it, but happening to jostle against the Ladder, down comes that, and the Man and all; A pox on you, cries the Fellow to the Hog, 'tis true as the Boy said, for you were a hatching of Mischief indeed; for I think he has broke all my Bones; and if ever I thatch for any Body again, I make my Bargain, they shall tie up their Hogs.

24.

One desiring a pretty Lass to go to a Gentleman, and kiss him; No indeed, Sir, says she, I'll never go to the Market for the Ware that I can have brought to my Door.

25.

A rich Man had a blockheaded Fellow to his Servant, who, the Master at every turn would be saying, Thou art the Prince of Fools. I wish I was, saith the Man saucily, for I should be the greatest Emperor on Earth, then you should be one of my Subjects.

26.

A comical Fellow, who had got a great many Horns in a Basket, cry'd New Furniture, rare Furniture; whereupon a grave Citizen, wondering what it shou'd be, calls the Man, and seeing what it was, says, Why, you coxcomby Fool, do you think any Body is so mad to buy such stuff; Yes, indeed do, cries the Fellow, for tho' you are provided, there's many

many as wise as your self, that may have occasion for them.

27.

A pretty Country Lass riding to Market, was overtaken by a Gentleman, who pleased with her innocent looks, would needs bear her Company to the next Town, where they must drink together, and after a Glass or two of Sack, the Gentleman understanding by her Discourse, she was to be married in few Days, ask'd her very gravely, if she knew what it was to be married? She told him no: Indeed, says he, your Mother and Relations are much to blame, not to instruct you in so weighty a Concern, that else may prove very prejudicial to you; therefore in pity to your Youth, I'll be your Tutor; and accordingly he was, to the best of his skill: Soon after they parted, tho' not before the Maid had given him a great many Thanks for his Information; and returning home, soon tells her Mother, what a civil Gentleman she had met with, that had instructed her in her Duty against she was married. The old Woman soon understood how Things had gone, and in a great Passion, calls her a Thousand Whores, and such like pretty Names, and threatening to turn her out of Doors: In comes her Sweet-heart, and by all means, must know the Fountain of their Discontent; which the Mother cunningly turns, telling him in a great pet, That she having reserved a Tub of woundy good Ale, against the Wedding Night, and her Daughter, like a silly Jade, had gone and tap'd it before: Poo, poo, is that all, says Souf-crown, flap it up, flap it up, I'll warrant 'tis never the worse.

28.

A French Beau coming to a fine Inn in London, calls for a Pennyworth of Bread, a Pennyworth of Cheese, and a Penny-worth of Beer, then goes to Bed; and in the Morning, calling for about the same Quantity,

Quantity, for his Breakfast, demands what was to pay : The Man of the House, finding him such a liberal Guest, makes a reasonable Bill of Ten Shillings, and carrying it in to *Monsieur*, who having perused it, told him, 'Twas great deal Money, but if you must have Ten Shilling, Ten Shilling you shall have; tho' the House be much troubled with Rats, that I no sleep to Night. That the Inn-keeper told him was true, and would give any thing to get rid of them : which the Frenchman, for a Bottle of Wine, undertook to cure; and after drinking the Wine, Now, says the Beau, call all de Rats into dis Room, and make dem every one a Bill of Ten Shillings, and dey never trouble your House again while they live.

29.

A Superannuated Chamber-maid perceiving the Midwives were so well paid at Christnings, resolves to study that Art; and having learnt some Knowledge from Books, declar'd her self a Proficient: Her Mistress being a pleasant Woman, smiles at the Fancy, and likes the Humour, seems to much approve of her Undertaking, making no doubt of her Skill, which she should first practice on a young Cousin of hers, that was coming to Lye in at her House in few days: The Maid gives her Mistress a great many Thanks, and provides her self with Necessaries; in the mean time the Mistress, with some more of her intimate Acquaintance procure a young smooth Face'd Youth dress'd in Woman's Cloaths, with a made Great-belly, who passes for the expected Cousin; and pretending her Labour was coming on, the new Midwife was call'd, who immediately sees how 'tis with her, and catching hold of the Laybel of Mortality, tugs tightly at it, crying out, All hands to help, for I'll assure you, this is Labour, and there's one Leg in the World already; at which they all burst into a great Laughter, that their sides
ak'd;

ask'd; that discover'd to Mrs. Midwife, her Mistake, who left not only the Chamber, but her Place for Shame, and forswore the Practice for ever after.

30.

Two young Scholars travelling from *Roan* to *Paris*, overtook a Country Fellow riding on an Ass, which bray'd, as if for Joy he was in such learn'd Company: The Students thinking to put a Trick on the Fellow, ask'd him, Why he let his Brother cry so, and not find in his Heart to quiet him? The Fellow being none of the dullest, answer'd, That his Ass was only pleas'd to meet with his Relations, therefore could do no less than sing a Song of Joy and Mirth in his Tone, of their welcome to him.

31.

Some People were roasting of Cockles, and they hissing in the Fire, Well, says a blockheaded Boy, these are villainous Creatures sure, to sing when their Houses are a Fire over their Heads.

32.

Two Travellers upon the way together, one of 'em stops, and takes up something, Look here (says he) I have found a Bag of Money: No, cries the other, when Two Friends are together, you must not say, I have found it, but we have found it: The word was no sooner out, but comes a Hue and Cry after a gang of Thieves that had taken a Purse upon the Road: Lord, Brother, says he that had the Bag, we shall be utterly undone: Oh fie, answers t'other, you must not say, we shall be undone, but I shall be undone, for if I'm to have no part in the Finding, I'll never go halves in the hanging.

33.

A Fellow try'd for his Life after the Restoration of King *Charles*, and being cast, they told him he must be hang'd he pleaded long in his own Defence, but to no purpose; therefore he desired the Judge, since he must be hang'd, it might be after the new

way that *Oliver* was, Three or Four Years after he was dead.

34.

A Justice of Peace overtaking a Parson upon the Road between *London* and *Bow*, told his Company, he would put a Trick on the Parson; and coming up to him, Told him, he did not follow his great Master's Rules, who was humbly contented with an Ass, whilst he rode on a fine Horse: The Parson reply'd, The reason of that was, because the King had made so many Asses Justices, that a 'Clergy man could not get one to ride on, for Love or Money.

35.

Two Scotch Men of War, cruising on the Coast of *France*, was 'spy'd by a French Privateer, who soon bore up to 'em, and in little space, lays one of them on board, which occasion'd the Man of War to make his best Defence, but it proving fruitless, he haying the other Ship, crying *Sawny, Sawny*, I have taken a French Man; Bring him away Mon, bring him away Mon; bring him away, replies the other, He wo no come, says he, Then come away thy self Mon: Answers t'other, H—Rogue H—says he, but he wo no let me come.

36.

A young Woman, who by the persuasions of her Friends, was married to an old Man that she could not love, gave herself up to all manner of Company, which her Husband saw but too plain, and so much troubled him, that he took to his Sick-bed, and believing he should die, like a good Christian, would die in Charity with all the World, except his Wife, who he was resolved to blot out of his Will; she perceiving this, and unwilling to be so great a Loser, resolves to reclaim his good Opinion of her, and by her double Diligence, re-instates herself in his Will, The change in her Behaviour, was well observed by the Alderman, who finding himself near expiring,

sends for a Scrivener, and leaves this his loving Wife, sole Executrix, on Condition she would promise him one thing; and that was, after his Death, by no means to marry such a one, who, of all her Companions, he hated: To which she reply'd, Indeed, Husband, you may rest satisfied, I will obey you, I am so far from marrying him, that I am promised to another, and the Contract already drawn between us, that there's nothing wanting to consummate the Match, but your Death. The poor old Man, that was above half dead before, was in such a rage at her Answer, that out of his Will, she should be put that very Moment: but lo, Death was too nimble for his purpose, and immediately caus'd him to take a great leap in the Dark, whereby his Intentions were prevented, and his tender loving Wife, left to execute her Second Marriage.

37.

There being a great deal of Company at Dinner with a Gentleman, where Silver Spoons were laid to every Plate; one of the Company makes bold to steal one into his Pocket; an opposite Gentleman, observing him, sticks another in his Button Hole, which the Master of the House seeing, pleasantly asketh the Reason; Why says he, I thought every Man was to have one, because I see that Gentleman put one in his Pocket.

38.

A young Lady that was compell'd by her Parents, to wed an old rich Man of a large Estate; notwithstanding her being contracted to another, who she had promised to meet privately, and very often did; but at last, the Husband mistrusting his Wife's Conduct, by the Spies he had set, entrapp'd them together, were so far from being surpriz'd, that they boldly justify the Action, telling him, They were Man and Wife before Heaven: This vexes the old Man to the Heart, but he not daring to demand Satisfaction.

on by the Sword, resolves to have it by Law, and accordingly he arrests the Spark for a Thousand Pound Damage, but upon the Tryal, the Lover had procured himself Friends in the Jury; who upon return 'of the Verdict, brought in only a Mark Damage for the Plaintiff: at which, he falls into a great rage, Well (says the Gentleman) this is strange indeed, that I having proved my self a Cuckold upon Record, you should give me but a Mark, and flinging out of the Court, cries, I pray God, all your Wives may mark you as shamefully, as mine has me, and may all your Horns be as long as the May-Pole in the Strand.

39.

An arch Fellow, speaking of the dreadful Fire of London, said, *Cannon-street* roared, *Wood-street* was burnt to Ashes, *Breadstreet* was burnt to a Coal, *Milk-street* was burnt too, *Pye-corner* was over bak'd, and *Snow-Hill* was melted down.

40.

A Fellow that had indicted a Butcher at the *Old Bailey*, for stealing his Hog, whose Head was found in the Butcher's Powdering-Tub, which evidenc'd the Fact: says the Court, Did you shew this to any Body as soon as you found it? Yes, answers the Fellow, who thro' too eagerly speaking, mistakes, saying, I carried the Justice's Head before the Hog, and there the Person confess'd the Fact.

41.

An old Gentleman was chid by his Neighbour, for marrying a young Girl; who reply'd, She'll be a Woman to morrow; for Wives are young Mens Mistresses, middle ag'd Mens Companions, and old Mens Nurses, and can you blame a Man for getting a good Nurse in his old Age? No, says his Neighbour, I do not blame you for that, but for your not providing for Heaven, which your Wife now must do, for you know whither all Cuckolds go: Oh, says the

the old Man, now you put me in Mind on't, 'tis true indeed, for I heard your Wife say, some Years ago, that she was sure her Husband would go to Heaven, and now I find which way.

42.

A Highway-man that was to be hang'd in a Country-Town, Orders was sent to a Carpenter to make the Gallows; which he neglecting to do, the Execution was deferr'd; for which, the Judge very angrily sends for the Carpenter, demanding the reason why he had not done it; why, Sir, says the Fellow, I have made Two or Three already, but never was pay'd for 'em, tho' if I had known this had been for your Worship, I would have left all Business to have done it.

43.

The Countess of *New-Castle* was a very whimsical Lady, and she asking Bishop *Wilkins*, how she should get up into the World of the Moon, that he had discover'd, because (says she) 'tis certainly a great Journey, and unless one can rest by the way, 'tis impossible to get thither: O Madam, says the Bishop, your Ladyship has built so many Castles in the Air, that you may easily rest in one of them.

44.

A Fool coming to a Gentlemans House, and seeing the Picture of a Fool in the Tapstery-hangings, he very fairly takes his Knife, and cuts it out, and running to the Master of the House, cries, You must give me a Bottle of Sack, for saving your Hangings: Why, *Jack*, says the Gentleman, how have you saved them? Were they on fire? No, answers the Fool, but by cutting out this Picture, (shewing it to him); for if my Master had seen it, he would certainly have beg'd them, as he did me, and my Estate.

45.

One perswaded a Man to hang his Dog, that had done him some Mischief; I am loath to hang him.

(says the Man) but I'll go amongst the Neighbours, and give him an ill Name. and that's as bad.

46

A poor young Woman that had brought herself almost to Death's Doot, with Grief for her sick Husband; but the good Man her Father, did all he could to comfort her; Come Child, says he, we are all mortal, pluck up a good Heart my Girl, for let the worst come to the worst, I have a better Husband in store, when this is gone: Alas! Sir, says she, what do ye tell me of another Husband? you had as good have struck a Dagger to my Heart; no, no, if ever I think of another Husband, may — Without any more ado, the Man dies, and the Woman in transport of Grief, tears her Hair, and beats her Breast, that every Body thought, she would run stark mad upon it; but on second thoughts, she wipes her Eyes, lifts them up, and cries, *Heaven's will be done*, and turns to her Father, Pray, Sir, (says she) about to'ther Husband you spoke of, *Is he in the House now?*

47.

The Bishop of *Mentz*, had a Fellow deep in Ar-rears for Rent, and sending his Steward to him, let him know, that unless he took more care to pay it, his Lord would take a course with him. Will he so, says the Fellow, then I'll take care to keep out of his Clutches. It must be out of his Dominions then, answers the Steward. No but it shan't, quoth the Fellow, for I have Places enough in the Diocess to hide my self, where he can't find me. Pray where can that be, says the Steward? Why, in every Church, answers he: Nay, replies the Steward, he will certainly find you, for he goes thither once a Week at least: But then I'll hide my self in the Pulpit, says the Fellow, and there I am sure he won't come in hast.

48.

Two Parsons that had no kindness for each other, were invited to Dinner together, and one of them being slyly the other spruce; the latter happened to be the first comer, therefore makes it his Business, when he sees the other coming, to run to the Door, and thinking to make a Jest of the other's Habit, cries out, Indeed I thought to have met a worthy Doctor, but I doubt, in his stead, I accost a Butcher. The Gentleman smiling, replies, Indeed, Sir, I can't blame your surprize, it being very natural for Horned Beast to dread the sight of the Butcher.

49.

A fair Lady marry'd to a Man in Years, by the compulsion of her Relations. (tho' she was before engaged to a brisk Spark) and being invited to a Christmas, where amongst other merry Discourses, she proposes the telling a pleasant Adventure, of a Lady of her intimate acquaintance; which the Company readily lent their Ears to with great Attention. There was a Gentlewoman (says she) that was oblig'd to marry against her Will, though privately contracted to a Gentleman she dearly loved; but she not being able to withstand the Suit of her Relations, was forc'd (contrary to her Inclinations) to condescend to the other Match, tho' not before the Lover had prevailed on his Mistress to let him have her Maidenhead on the Wedding Day; this agreed on, and the Lady marry'd, 'twas all her Care how to get from her Company to meet her Lover, who lay in a close Arbour in the Garden, expecting when his bright Partner wou'd appear: She after Dinner making a Pretence of being very sleepy, desires the Guests would not take it amiss if she lay down for an Hour, for her Bridegroom wou'd take care nothing shou'd be wanting; and making her Honours, trips to her Chamber that look'd into the Garden, and falling into Bed, the next thing is, how she shall get

since the Window was some Height from the Ground, and trying several ways to no purpose, at last she comes to her Scarf, which she ties to the Window; but she had no sooner taken hold (*says the Lady*) to let her self out, but the Scarf broke, and down came I—At which the Company fell into a great Laughter, which so dash'd the Lady, she knew not where to look; but told 'em indeed she meant the Gentlewoman; but that wou'd not pass after the Discovery she had so undesignedly made: And ever after she was call'd by no other Name, than, *The Scarf broke, and down came I.*

50.

A Gentleman in the Country, whose Name was *Hide*, that had Three Sons, and no great Estate, told his youngest Son, he must put him out Apprentice, and bid him choose his Trade; the Boy being of an ingenious Temper, told his Father he'd be a Tanner; *Pish*, says he, that's a nasty Trade; That's true, answers the Boy, but 'tis the most convenient Trade for me of any, since you have but little to give me; for Three *Hides* will set me up; What *Hides* are those, ask'd the Father? Why, Sir, replies he, yours and my Two Brothers.

51.

A certain Spark speaking very unseemly before a young Lady, she ask'd him what Profession he was of; Madam, says he, I am a civil Lawyer; Alas! Sir, answer'd she, then if civil Lawyers are such rude People, I wonder what other Lawyers are.

52.

A drolling Fellow resolving to put a Trick upon a close-fisted Bishop, goes to him on the first of *January*, and wishes him a merry New Year, and beg'd a piece of Gold for a New-years-Gift. Why the Man's mad, says the Bishop, and takes me to be so too; do you think that I have so little of the God of Money for a Good-morrow? *Yes, says*

Lord, says the Fellow, if that be too much let it be a single Groat, and I'll be thankful; but that wou'd not do neither; then he fell to a Copper Farthing, and was deny'd that too: Why pray, my Lord, cries the Fellow let me beg your Blessing then; with all my Heart say'd the Bishop, down on your Knees and you shall have it; No, my Lord, (says the other) tis my turn now to deny, for if you had thought your Blessing worth a Farthing you would never have parted with it.

53.

Cardinal W—lying dangerously ill with an Impostume in his Throat, and given over by the Doctor; his Friends and Relations thinking each Breath would be his last, were for securing all they cou'd lay their Hands on; and every Body shifting for themselves carry'd off a Prize; which a Baboon (what the Cardinal for Diversion kept in his Chamber) observing, in imitation of the rest, and to make one amongst them, snatches up the Cardinal's Cap, puts it on his Head, and away he march'd; the Cardinal seeing this, burst out a laughing, which broke the Impostume in his Throat, and sav'd his Life.

54.

A Gentleman's Son in the Country, had (on Promise of Marriage) gotten a Farmer's Daughter with Child, who he afterwards leaves, and makes his addresses to a fine young Lady of a large Estate, and in a short time successfully gain'd her Consent, and the Wedding Day is appointed; which reaching the Ear of the Farmer's Daughter, (who by this Time had lain in of a brave Boy) she spruces up her self and Child, goes to the Church, and there attends the Bridegroom's coming; which no sooner appears, but she makes toward him, playing and talking to the Child in her Arms; he observing this, and fearful of her Exclamations against him, steps to her and whispers something in her Ear; which the Bride perceives.

wou'd needs know what 'twas he said to the Woman, otherwise she would not stir one Step farther; Why then, says he, if you'll not be angry, I'll tell you; well, I will not replies she, let it be what it will; so taking her aside, he makes her sensible that was his Child in the Woman's Arms, who only desired that he would contribute something towards the bringing of it up: And is that all, quoth Mrs. Bride? Then you must do by that, as I did by one I had by my Father's Groom, put it out to Nurse, and there's no more trouble with it: The dispute ending, the Church they go; but the Spark considering what Mrs. Bride had said, desir'd he might ask the Parson one Question before he took the Covenant; and that was, to know which was best, a Whore of his own making, or a Whore of another Body's? Why says the Parson, if there's one in the case, doubtless a Whore of your own making's best: At that he goes immediately and fetches the Farmer's Daughter, bidding the Minister perform his Office; saying, since 'tis so, my Bride that was to be, may (if she pleases) be one of my Bride-maids; for there is no Jest like the true Jest.

55.

A Woman almost out of her Wits for her Goodman that lay very sick, and was given over, and nothing will serve her turn, but Death must needs take her instead of him, therefore she prays, and calls, and makes a mighty entreaty; till at last Death presents himself at her Elbow, which she seeing, drops him a fine Courtesie, saying, Pray, Sir, do not mistake your self, for the Person that you came for, lies in the Bed there.

56.

Two Boys in *Salisbury* searching for Jackdaws Nests in the Cathedral, and about half way up the Spire, in the open Places made to let in the Light, they saw one, but cou'd come at it no other way.

then by one's leaning out, whilst he within held him by his Heels ; this piece of Danger did one of them undertake, and reaching down, feels into the Nest where the Birds were, cry'd out, Faith, *Jack*, here's Three : Then I'll have Two, says *Jack* ; no but you shan't tho', replies the t'other ; Then I'll let you fall, says *Jack*, and fairly did as he he said ; but as good Fortune wou'd have it, there was a great quantity of Burdocks growing in the Place, which broke his fall from the Ground, and he in the tumbling, turn'd flat on his Back ; and after the Fright was a little over, he stairs up, and sees *Jack* peeping down after him, cries out, Ah now, you young Dog, you shall have ne'er a one ; and getting up, goes his way unhurt.

57.

A Farmer having bestow'd good Learning on his Son, who was come home to visit his Parents ; and being one Night at Supper on a Couple of Fowls, to shew his skill, must needs be chopping of Logick ; Now (says he to his Father) I'll shew you what Learning can do ; you see these Two Fowls here ? Ay, says the Parents ; Then I'll shew ye how to make Three of them ; That's brave indeed (says the old Woman) but how will you make it appear ; Oh, replies our Scholar by Logick ; as thus, here's one, is there not ? Yes (says she) then taking up the other, Here's two (says he) now two and one makes three : Well (says the Father) I think you have pretty well made it out ; for which, your Mother and I will have these two, and you shall have the third for Logick, and so he went supperless to Bed.

58.

A Gentleman that usually travelled in a plain Country Habit, to prevent his being suspected of having much Money with him, was obliged on Business, to come to *London*, and accompany'd by his Man, he arrives safe at his Inn ; the next Day, he proceeds in his Business, which happened to require more Money than

than he had in Town; and he being unwilling to trouble any of his Acquaintance, resolves to make a Vertue of Necessity, and part with a Diamond Ring he wore, worth Fifty Pounds; therefore ordering his Man to follow him, he goes into *Lombard Street*, to a Goldsmith's Shop, pulls off his Ring, and asks the Goldsmith what it was worth? the Goldsmith looking on the Gentleman, then on the Ring, and by his plain Country Habit, believes he had no great skill in Diamonds, concludes he should make the Ring his own for a small Matter; therefore he tells the Gentleman, if it was Right, and no Counterfeit, he thought it might be worth about Ten Pounds. As to its being Right (says the Gentleman) I dare warrant it, and that it will yield more Money; Not much more, cries the Goldsmith, for here's a Ring which I'll ingage, is much better than yours, and a good Diamond, that I will sell you for 20 Pounds. This he said, not thinking the Country-man had Skill, Inclination, or Money to buy; tho' the Gentleman plainly perceived, this was a Decoy to cheat him, therefore resolves (if he could) to be too wise for the Goldsmith; and taking both the Rings into his Hand, asks, If he should have that Ring for 20 Pounds? Yes, replies the Goldsmith, but I suppose you come to sell, and not to buy; and that you may say I use you well. I'll give you 15 Pounds for yours: Nay (says the Gentleman) since I have my choice to buy or sell, I won't refuse a good Bargain, therefore I'll keep my own, and give you Money for yours: At this, the Goldsmith endeavour'd to seize on the Ring, which the Gentleman prevented, by laying down the Money; the Goldsmith finding himself catch'd, rav'd like a mad Man, commanding the Gentleman to give him his Ring: No (says he) 'tis mine, I have fairly bought it, and my Man is Witness of my Bargain. This would not do with the Goldsmith, who immediately calls out, That the

Country-man had cheated him; at which several People came about the Shop, but he was in such a tweek, that for his Life he could not tell his Case, but orders a Constable to be call'd, and before a Justice he would go with the Country-man; where he complains, That the Country-man had taken from him a Diamond Ring worth a Hundred Pound, and would give him but Twenty for it. Pray Mr. Goldsmith (says the Gentleman) take care what you say, or I shall vex you more than this; and then tells the Justice the whole Matter, and calls his Man to witness the Truth, which appears such a plain Case, that the Justice gave it on the Gentleman's side; which set the poor Goldsmith into such a rage, that he call'd them all Cheats, and the Gentleman D— Impostor; The Gentleman then told him, he would make him pay for his saucy Tongue, for abusing him, who 'twas well known, was a Gentleman of 500 Pounds *per Annum*, a lived at such a Place; this Discovery so confounded the Goldsmith, that without speaking a word more, away he went, without any other Satisfaction, than discovering his own intended Cheat; while the Gentleman went to a Friend of his, telling him the Story; they send for a Jeweller, who at the first word, bid 95 Pounds for the Ring; which the Gentleman receiving, went immediately and ended his Business, and taking Horse, delay'd no time while he reach'd Home, and acquainted his Friends with his fortunate Adventure.

59.

There was a very good Man. that in the Five and twentieth Year of his Age, fell desperate Sick that the whole College of Physicians were of Opinion, there was no saving of his Life without the use of a Woman; The poor Man lay humming and hawing a good while betwixt the Sin (as he thought it) and the Remedy; but in the end, gives up himself to the Doctors, to do as they thought fit; upon this, they

by

by consent, put a good armful of warm Woman's Flesh into Bed to him, by way of Receipt, and so laid him to rest, till about two Hours; at which time, they came to see how the Prescription had wrought and there they found poor Religious, tearing his Hair, beating his Breast, and groaning as if his Heart would break, and falling to reasoning the Matter with him, telling him the Necessity of what was done: No, no, Gentlemen, (says he) my grief is not thereabouts, but it goes to the Heart of me, to think how long I have lived in Ignorance, and that this Fit of Sickness shou'd never take me sooner.

60.

A Gentleman told his Cook, he would dine on a Venison Pasty, and orders him to provide him one; which he did with care, with two or three Dishes more; and when they were ready, he brought up in order; first a good Surloin of Beef, which as soon as the Cook's Back was turn'd, the Gentleman took and threw out of the Window; then the second Dish, and out of the Window he sent it after the other; then enters the Venison pasty; which the Cook flings out of the Window likewise; which, the Gentleman staring at, ask'd him, *What a P— he meant by that? Why, Sir, (answered the Cook) I thought you intended to dine below, because you sent the Dishes down so hastily.*

61.

A Minister willing to instruct his ignorant Parishioners, and going to their Houses, amongst the rest, he visits an ancient Woman, whom he questions concerning a great many things; but at length, asks her how many Commandments there were? She told him, indeed she could not tell: Why (says the Minister) there's Ten: I'll assure you, cries the old Woman, a jolly Company, God bless you and them together. Well, but says the Parson, how many of these have you kept? Ah, Lord, bless you Sir, replies she.

am a poor Woman that can hardly keep my self, much less, be at the Charge of keeping any of the Commandments for you.

61.

A jealous Husband committed his Wife to the Care and Custody of a particular Friend, with the promise of a great Reward, if he could keep her honest; after some few days, the Friend grew weary of his Charge, and desired the Husband to take home his Wife, and release him of his Bargain; for, says he, I find 'tis impossible to hinder a Woman from any thing she has a mind to; if it were to turn a Bag of Fleas loose into a Meadow every Morning a grazing, and fetch them home again at Night, I durst do it, even to a single Flea; but t'other is a matter I dare go no farther in, being so great an Impossibility.

62.

A Gentleman and his Man, riding from *Abington*, a Place the Man strangely liked, and being a special good Rhimer, needs must Rhime out something at parting: Therefore he begins;

*Farewel Abington, farewel to thee,
For thou hast got a Spire like a Dagger's Sheath.*

At which his Master smiling, told him, Indeed he was an excellent Poet. That again inspiring his Muse, he Answers;

*Well rhim'd Master, well rhim'd Man,
For thou hast got a Head like a Brass Pot.*

How, you Dog, says the Gentleman, what do you compare my Head to a Brass Pot? Oh, Sir, cries the Fellow, I heartily ask your Pardon, but to-morrow I'll certainly make you amends; And accordingly, the next Morning he goes to his Master's Door with

a Faggot on his Back, bawling out with all his might,

*Good morrow Master, good morrow O,
For I have brought a Faggot to your Chamber.*

64.

A young Spark dining at a Friend's House, and having promis'd a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon; but being engaged at Cards, was obliged to send his Man to excuse him to the Lady; and whispering him in the Ear, ordered him, that whatever Answer the Lady returned, he should tell him as if it were from a Man. Away goes the Fellow, and in a little time, comes back to his Master, who asked him aloud before the Company; What, was the Gentleman at home? Yes, Sir, says the Man; And what said he to you? He said, Sir, you might any other time; Why, what was he doing, replies the Gentleman? He was a putting on his Hood and Scarf, to go to the Park, says the Man. This blunder of the Fellow discovering the Intrigue, set the Company a laughing very heartily.

65.

A Cocker, that often complimented his Wife, for each little, or no fault, with D—m ye, what would you be at; had by his frequent Repetition, taught it a Magpy that he kept; which one Day got out of the Cage, and hops from House to House, while it came to a Quakers Meeting, who, at that Instant, was groaning greatly in Spirit; the Magpy hearing an odd sort of a Noise, lays his Ear to the tyling to listen, but not hearing perfectly there, flies on the Chimney, but through too earnest Attention makes a false step, and down the Chimney drops Magpy, who in falling, his Wings made a rattling rumbling, that strangely amazed the holy Congregation; but they were much more astonished when

England's Jest.

Mag came forth, who flying on the Beam, turned first on one side, then another, crying several times, *D—m ye what would you be at?* The Brothers concluded, it was no less than the Devil, and in great Confusion were huddling out, while one of more Resolution than the rest, desired they would have Patience, and he would endeavour to speak to it; and with much Light, and great Strength, he demands what Satan would have there? But receiving no Answer, he concludes *Bezebub* was angry; till a little Boy cry'd out, *It was nothing but Neighbour Jackson's Magpye*: Which then appear'd to be nothing else to all the Congregation; who in great Wrath, sends for the Cöbler to come and carry it home; which was done accordingly, and having pretty well recover'd their Frighr, went on with their groaning.

66.

A Country-man that had plow'd himself, and his Oxen, quite weary, mounted an Ass, with the Plow before him, and sent the Oxen to dinner; the poor Ass he found was ready to sink under his Load, therefore he took up the Plow, and laid it upon his own Shoulder; Now, says he to the Ass, *you may carry me well enough, when I carry the Plow.*

67.

A young Lady, seeing the Sheriff of a County, that was a very handsome Man, waiting on the Judge, who was old, she was asked by her Companions, which she fancy'd best, the Judge, or the Sheriff? *The Sheriff*: Why so, says a Gentleman that stood next her? *Because*, answered she, *tho' I love Judgment well, yet I like Execution much better.*

68.

Two Friends meeting on the Road After some Years Absence; and after the usual greeting of old Acquaintance, one tells the other, he was married: The other reply'd, *That's well indeed; Not so well with you*, says he, *for my Wife's a Scold; That's ill,*

cries, the other; No, not so ill, said he, for I had 2000 Pounds with her; Why, that's well again, cries his Friend; Not so well neither, for I laid 'it out in Sheep, and they died of the Rot; That was ill, said the other; No, not so ill neither, for I sold the Skins for more than the Sheep cost; That was well though, quoth his Friend; Not so well neither, said he, for I bought a House with the Money, and that was burned; That's very ill, said the other; Nay, not so ill neither, says he, for my Wife was burned in it.

69.

A Gentleman riding into the Country, overtook a young brisk Lass; who after some time travelling together, consented to his Amours; but the Man, conscious of what he had done, and that it might prove prejudicial to the Maid, told her, If any thing came of their Endeavours, she should hear of him at such a Place in Camberwel: No, 'tis no matter, Sir, says she, for I am to be married a Thursday.

70.

A Widow having a great fancy for a second Husband, consults a Gossipping Companion of hers, how to mannage the job; the truth of it is, I have a mind for another Bedfellow, but the devilish People will keep such a staring and pointing at me, they'll make we weary of my Life. You are a fine Widow indeed, says t'other, to mind the Talk of the People; prethy mind what I say to you; you have an Ass in your Grounds, go your way, and have him painted green, and then let him be carried up and down the Town for a Show; do this, I say, out of hand. Away goes the Woman, and has the thing done accordingly, and for the first Four or Five Days the green Ass had all the Town at his heels, staring and hooting after him: But in Four or Five Days more the Humour was spoil'd, and the Ass might travel from Morning to Night, and no body take notice of him. Now, says the Adviser, a new

ried Widow, is a kind of a green Ass, that every body's Mouth is full of the first Week, but in a Week, or two more, the Story will fall asleep of it self.

71.

A Citizen travelling into the Country, came into a very good Inn, where the Master of the House was very complaisant, shewing what Conveniences he had made; which was so far beyond the common Inns, that the Gentleman told him, It was a House fit for a Noble Man; at that, the Inn-Keeper, in a great Passion, call'd him Rascal, and abusive Fellow: The Gentleman could not imagine the cause of this sudden turn of Humour, nor the meaning of his Anger, went to the next House, where telling his Host the Business, he inform'd him, That the Man had lately broke, and paid but a Noble in the Pound to his Creditors, which had enabled him to build that fine House.

72.

A Lady asking her surly Husband what a Clock it was, just as an Acquaintance came in, that happened to ask the same Question: What a pox, says he, do you take me for a Town Clock, that is obliged to tell all the Parish?

73.

A Country Fellow driving his Cart, was overtaken by a Lawyer that he knew; who calling merrily to the Fellow, asked him, Why his fore-Horse was so fat, and the others so lean? Because, says the Fellow, my fore-Horse is a Lawyer, and the rest are his Clients.

74.

A Gentleman lighting out of his Coach, at Whitehall, asked a Footman that stood there, What a clock it was? Sir, says the Footman, what will you give me? Why, replies the Gentleman, must I give you any thing to tell me that? Yes, Sir, says he, for we Footmen never do any thing without a Bribe.

75. Two

75.

Two Men together upon a Journey, of very different Humours; one of 'em went slugging on, with a Thousand Cares in his Head, often exclaiming, *Lord, what shall I do to live?* T'other jogg'd merrily away, and left all things to Providence and good Fortune. *Well, Brother* (says Sorrowful) *I wonder you can be so jocund! As I am a sinner, my Heart is ready to break, for fear I should want Bread: Come, come,* says t'other, *fall back, fall edge, the Resolutions taken, I and my Mind's at Rest. What Resolution,* asks his Companion? *Why Resolution,* says he, *to make the best shift I can: Ah! but for all that,* cries t'other again, *I have known as resolute People as you, whose Confidence hath deceived them in the End.* And so the poor Man fell into another fit of Despair; 'till starting out on the sudden; *Good lack,* says he, *what if I should fall blind;* and walks a good way with his Eyes shut, to try how it would be, if that Misfortune should fall him: In this Interim, his fellow Traveller that follow'd him, found a purse of Money; which was good his Doctrine, of leaving things to Providence; whereas the other missing it as a Punishment for his Distrust, was ready to hang himself, for putting it out of his Power of seeing it.

76.

Says a tall Gentleman, going along with a little Man; The People won't gaze so much at a Pigmy, because I am in your Company: Yes, says the little Man, they will gaze the more, to see me have As in my Company, and not ride.

77.

A Gentlewoman that was married to a great Student, who was so very intent on his Studies, that she thought her self slighted by him; and one Day at Dinner she wish'd her self a Book, to have more of his Company: Her Husband reply'd, If it could be so, I desire it may be an *Almanack*, that I may have a new one once a Year.

7.

A Country Fiddler was going to play a merry Jigg to some Lads and Lasses in the next Parish, and passing by a River, his Case flew open, and in dropped the Fiddle; at this Misfortune the poor Fellow stood stamping, and scratching his Head in a violent manner, when a Gentleman coming by, asked the Fiddler, What he ailed? Which he tells him: Indeed, says the Gentleman, I pity your Case; Pity my Case, cries the Fellow, a pox on you, pity my Fiddle, for my Case is well enough.

79.

There was a stomachful Boy was put to School, but the whole World could not bring him to pronounce the first Letter of the Alphabet. Open your Mouth, says the Master, and cry (A); the Boy gapes, without so much as offering at the Vowel. When the Master could do no good upon him, his School-fellows took him to task among themselves: Why, 'tis not so hard a thing to cry (A); No, says the Boy, 'tis not so hard neither; but if I should cry (A) once, they'd make me cry (B) too, and I'll never do that, I am resolv'd.

80.

A Country-man coming to London, that had never been there before, stood gazing and staring into almost every Shop; and coming to a Scrivener's Shop, the Scrivener ask'd him, What he would buy? What do you sell, says the Country-man? Why, Logger-heads; will you buy one, answers the Scrivener? Yes, says he; but sure you have a woundy Trade, that you have but one left in the Shop.

81.

A Gentleman of a plentiful Estate, had the Misfortune to marry a very termagant Lady, who often made him wish, That Peace was to be bought in the Market, as well as Meat and Drink. It happened, that a poor Cobler had a little Shop under some part of

of the Gentleman's House, who every Morning was observ'd to be early at his Work, singing and whistling very merrily. This Fellow the Gentleman often thought on, and in his Thoughts, believed him happier than a Prince; and taking an Opportunity of discoursing him, asked, How much he got a Year at his Trade? Faith, Master, says the Cobler, I keep no Count-Book; for if I can get Bread for my Wife and my self, I never trouble my self for to Morrow. The Gentleman goes his ways, heartily wishing himself but half so easie as this Cobler; who he still observes to be pleasant and singing, with all the Satisfaction in the World: Well, thinks the Gentleman, I will try if I can't find out a way to alter this Fellow's easie Temper: and accordingly he contrives underhand to have his Wife informed of strange Things against him; which she failed not to rattle him soundly for: Nevertheless, the Cobler still kept to his merry facetious Humour, quite regardless of his Wife's Scolding; which caused the Gentleman to conclude his Contrivance of none Effect, therefore he resolves to see what Money will do; and to put his second Plot in Practice, he makes a Hole in the Ceiling, and lets down a Hundred Pound Bag on the Cobler's Bench, which the next Morning, at his coming to work, he soon finds, and in great Amazement he takes it up, carries to his Wife, who in as much Surprize as himself, cannot once think how it could come there; but since 'twas so, they injoyn each other to Secresie, and agree upon burying it in the Garden; which accordingly they do, and to work goes the Cobler: But from the Time forward, there was no more Singing, Whistling or Sleeping with the poor Fellow, who every Quarter of an Hour, would tuck up his Apron, and run to see if the Money were safe; nay, neither Cat nor Dog must budge, but, whip, he'd be after it, so that with his Care and Jealousie, his Life was a Burthen to him. This the

Gentleman perceiving, he goes to the Cobler, and demands the Reason of this sudden Alteration of Humour in him? I know not, Master, says the Cobler; I think the Devil is in me. for I am easie no where? Why, asks the Gentleman, is there a more than usual Cause happen'd to you? Usual, do you call it, cries the Fellow; then, faith, Sir, I'll tell you: — About a Week gone, I found a Purse of Money, which thro' my fear of losing, is such a plague to me, that I am almost mad. Pray, where did you find this Money, says the Gentleman? Why, in here, in this very Place I sit in, answers the Fellow; but how it came there, unless it was conjur'd, I cannot tell. Well, to put you out of your Pain, says the Gentleman, the Money is mine, and I convey'd it there. The Cobler makes no more Disputes, but away he runs, takes up the Money, and trudging to the Gentleman, begg'd, if he had any Charity in the World, to let him have his Songs and Sleep again, and to take back the Hundred Pounds, with a thousand Thanks into the Bargain. The Gentleman takes the Money, which he found to a Farthing as he left it, and giving the Cobler Forty Shillings, dismissed him; plainly seeing, there was more Trouble in Money, than with a Scolding Wife. He therefore resolves for the future, to follow the Cobler's Rule, and never mind her Clamour.

82.

A Gentleman had a great Inclination to enjoy a young Lady, and watching his Opportunity, comes into her Chamber, as she was lying on the Bed; and coming up to her, cries, I bar crying out, Madam! She replies, Bar the Door, you Fool! Which he quickly does, and gains his End.

83.

An honest good-natur'd Husband was quire at his Wits End, for the Loss of his poor Wife, that had newly hanged herself upon a Fig-tree in his Garden:

A

A conceited Neighbour of his, instead of condoling with him for the Loss, made him a Visit, to joy him of his Deliverance; the first Ceremony of the greeting was no sooner over, but he made a Suit to the Widower, for a Graft or two of the same Plant; for who knows, says he, but it may bear the same Fruit in my Garden, that it did in yours?

84.

A poor Woman coming to the Parson, to desire he would preach a Funeral-Sermon on her Son, that was lately dead. the Parson told her, He would do it: But she desiring to know what he must have, he told her, Twenty Shillings: Twenty Shillings! says she, an Ass spoke for an Angel, and won't you speak under Twenty Shillings? The Parson displeased at her Words, told her, She was better fed than taught: Indeed, Sir, says she, that's true; for my Husband feeds me, but you teach me.

85.

A Bishop of Cologne marching at the Head of a fine Army, and in the double Capacity, both of a Soldier and a Church-man, Lord! says a Country Fellow, 'tis a strange thing, methinks, that your Master St. Peter should die so poor himself, and leave his Followers so well to pass. Right, says the Bishop, but I am here in the Quality of a General, as well as a Prelate. Ah! my Lord, says the Fellow, but if the General should chance to go to the Devil, what will become of the Bishop, I beseech you?

86.

An Oxford Scholar coming to London, went to a House of Iniquity in Covent-Garden, at the Flower-de-Luce, and there got a Clap; whereupon, over the Door, at his going away, he writ this Verse:

All you that hither chance to come,

Mark well, e'er you go in,

For French mens Arms are Signs without,

And French-mens Harms within.

87.

A poor honest Sea-man going a long Voyage, left a brisk young Wife behind him, but in a miserable Cottage, with nothing but bare Walls. not so much as a Cross in her Pocket, to keep the Devil out, and hardly a Rag to cover her Nakedness. After a matter of Five Years Absence, the Sea-man came back again, and finds his Habitation in great Order, furnished from top to bottom, with a brave Boy of some Three Years old, into the Bargain. The Fellow was wonderfully pleased at seeing such an Improvement, only the Child stumbled him a little. Upon this, he fell to examining his Wife, How this, and that, and t'other came about? Why, my Dear, says she, 'tis all by Providence: What! Child and all? cries the Husband. Yes, indeed, says she, Child and all: That's very strange, replies the good Man; but what must be, must be; but yet, by your Favour, Wife, when Providence had furnished my House, I should have been well pleased, to have been the Father of my own Children.

88.

This was much such another Providence, as that of the honest Woman's great Belly, in the Revolution of *Forty One*, when her Husband had been Three Years in *Plymouth*: 'Tis true, says she, my Husband has been Three Years away; but I have had very comfortable Letters from him.

89.

A Gentleman that had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Council, to put in his Answer, for fear of incurring a Contempt: Well, says the Spark, and why is not my Answer put in then? How should I draw your Answer, says the Lawyer, without knowing what you can swear? Pox of the Scruple, cries the Client, pray do your part of a Lawyer, and draw me a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the part of a Gentleman, and swear it.

90. A

90.

A Country Fellow that had been to see almost all the fine Sight's about the Town, as the Lions, the Bears, the Play-house, the Lord-Mayor's Show, the Tombs, and the like, thought all this nothing, unless he had seen *Bedlam* too; therefore his Acquaintance one Morning in a Banter, has him to the *Commons-Lobby*, telling him, *Bedlam* was within there, and if he did but peep in the next Room, he might see the Mad-men. The House, it seems, at that Time was in a Heat, and such a Noise and Hurry along with it, that upon opening the Door, the poor Country-man scoured off at the Fright, with an Out-cry all the way he went, that the Mad-men were all broke loose, and like to tear every body in pieces.

91.

In the Days when good Women were in Fashion, there was one who valued herself highly for the Goodness of her retentive Faculty in keeping a Secret, which her Husband resolved to make Tryal of; and one Morning, waking in the greatest Confidence imaginable, telling her one of the strangest Things that ever was, had that Night beset him; but, my Dear, says he, if you speak on't again, I am utterly ruin'd: Ah! my Love, says she, indeed I am none of the Number of those Women, to betray their Husbands Secrets; no, if I do, may—Her Husband at that Word, stop'd her Mouth, for fear of some bloody Imprecation, saying. Come, Wife, they that swear, will lye, therefore I'll rather tell you upon Honour; Look you here what has befallen me, I have laid an Egg to Night (and taking the Egg from his Backside, he bid her feel on't); but if ever this should come to light, People would say, I was Hen-trud, and the Disgrace will make me a Scandal to Mankind. This Secret lay burning in her Breast, and kept her waking while 'twas Day-light enough to dress her by, and then out of Bed she steals from
her

her Husband; and posts away to a gossiping Neighbour of hers, and hurries her out of her Bed, charms and swears her to Privacy, and then out comes the Secret, that her Husband had laid two Eggs that very Night: This Confidante tells another Confidante, and there it was Three Eggs; the next made it Four, and so it went on, increasing still, from one Gossip to another, 'till by Six a Clock in the Afternoon, they had made the One Egg Forty.

92.

A certain Noble-man that kept a Fool for his Diversion, in a laced Coat; and the Duke of G — coming to make the Gentleman a Visit, meeting the Fool at the Gate, making Dirt Pies; the Duke asked him, Whose Fool he was? Why, such a one's, says the Fool; and seeing the Duke's Coat imbroider'd, cries, And whose Fool are you, pray?

93.

A Country Lass, with a Pail upon her Head, coming with her Milk to the Market, fell to casting it up all the way she went, what pretty Account her Stock might come to, with a little good Housewifery. This Milk, says she, will bring me so much ready Money; that Money will buy me so many Eggs; these Eggs so many Chickens; and, with the Fox's leave, those Poultry will make me Mistress of a Pig; and that Pig may grow a fat Hog; and that I'll sell, and buy me a Cow and Calf: And then, says she, comes a Sweet-heart, perhaps a Yeoman; him I marry; then my Neighbours will say, *How do you, Goody Such-a-one?* And I answer, *Thank you, Neighbour; How do you?* But may be my Sweet-heart may be a Farmer; then 'twill be, *Mrs. Such-a-one, how do you do?* I'll say, *Thank you*: O but suppose I should marry a Gentleman; then it will be, *Your Servant, Madam*: But then I'll toss up my Head, and won't speak at all. Upon the Transport of this Thought with the Motion, down came the Pail of Milk, and

put an End to the whole Story of the Eggs, Poultry, the Pig, the Hog, and all the Whimsies that went along with it.

94.

A good saving Woman, having only her Husband and self, with a Maid in the House, and was unwilling to be at the Trouble of making two Beds, therefore orders the Maid to lie on the Off-side of her and her Husband : But one Night, her next-door Neighbour being in Labour, call'd up the good Woman, who quick'y slipped on her Cloaths, and without waking either her Husband or Maid, stepped to her Assistance ; and after the Business was well over, she starts up in a great haste, and was going away ; which the Company by Persuasion would fain have hinder'd, 'till she had eaten part of their good Cheer ; but no Arguments could prevail, but home she must go by all means ; and pressing earnestly to know the Reason of her sudden haste ; O lack ! says she, I had quite forgot, I had left my Husband fast asleep, in Bed with a young Woman, and if either of them should happen to wake before I come back, they'd be frighten'd out of their Wits.

95.

A Gentleman going to the Bowling Green, but forgetting a pair of Bowls he had for his own Use, sends his Servant, who was an Irish-man, to fetch them ; but he mistaking his Master, runs into the Close to fetch the Bull, who would not come without the Cows, so that the Fellow was forc'd to drive 'em together into the Green : Sirrah, says the Gentleman, what do you mean by this ? where's my Bowls ? Why, dear Joy, cries Teague, here is thy Bull ; but upon my Shoul, I cou'd not get the cross Bitch to come without his Moder and Sisters, and dat be the Cause I stay'd so long indeed.

96.

A Lady in the Winter being alone in the Parlour, takes the Advantage to warm her Backside, by holding up her Coats, with her Back to the Fire ; when her Footman entring the Room hastily, tells her, Sir Such-a-one, her humble Servant, was just come to see her : The Lady transported with the News of the Spark's Arrival, and forgetting the Posture she stood in, turns fairly round, shewing her Breech to the Fellow ; crying, Good lack ! that he should come now !

97.

A Nobleman in a merry Humour, sent for his Chaplain, and told him, That unless he could resolve him three Questions, he should be discharged from his Service ; but if he did answer, then he should have Thirty Guineas, and the best Horse in the Stable : and therefore proposes the Questions ; which were these : First, What Compass the World was about ? Secondly, How deep the Sea was ? And lastly, What he thought ? The poor Chaplain, in a peck of Cares, knew not how to answer them, or what to say ; and all he could do then, was to desire a little Time to consider upon it, which the Earl granted ; and into the Fields goes the Chaplain very melancholy where he meets a Miller belonging to the Town, a merry Fellow, that was very like the Chaplain, both in Face and Height ; and entring into Discourse with the Miller, he would fain know the Cause of the Chaplain's Uneasiness ; which, with some Reluctancy, he told him : O Master, don't be dejected, chear up, quoth the Miller, I warrant, I think of a Project to save your Place, and get you the Money and Horse too, on Condition that you give me Ten Pounds for my pains. That I will says the Chaplain : Then strip, cries the Miller, and change Cloaths, and I'll go to my Lord, and answer his Questions. Accordingly he went ; and to

first Question, What Compass the World was about? he answer'd, It was Four and twenty Hours Journey, for if a Man could keep Pace with the Sun, he might easily go it in that Time. The second, How deep the Sea was? he answered, Only a Stones throw; for cast it into the deepest place of it, and in Time it would come to the bottom. To the third, (which I suppose, your Lordship thinks the most difficult to be resolved) that is, What your Honour thinks? I answer, That you think I am your Chaplain, when indeed, I am but the Miller of *Gloucester*. The Earl was so well pleased with the Jest, that he perform'd his Promise to his Chaplain, and gave the Miller Ten Pounds for his humour.

98.

A Man that made a Conscience, both of an Oath, and of a Law Suit, had the Wit to make a greater Conscience of losing an Estate, for want of Suing, and Swearing to defend it; therefore consults the Chapter of Dispensations and compounds the Matter with certain Salvo's; and whereas thou talkest (says he) to a Friend of his, of Suing and Swearing: Why, for the one, 'tis my Attorney's Oath; and then for the other, what signifies the Kissing of the Book with a Calve's-skin Cover, and a Pastboard Stiff'ning between a Man's Lips and the Text.

99.

A King that kept a Jester in his Court, who us'd to write down in his Book, all the Follies of the great Men in the Palace: The King, one Day, for his Diversion, looking in the Book, found himself in it, with a Story of Five thousand Pounds that he had given a Jew, to go into *Barbary* to buy Horses with. Well (says the King) and pray why am I put into your Book? For giving your Money to one you may never see again, answers the Jester: But what if he shou'd return with the Horses, where's the Folly then, says the King? Why, if he does, replies *Scoggin*, I'll blot your Name out, and

put his Name in for a Fool, that cou'd not keep the Money when he had it.

100.

A silly Fellow went to *Smithfield* to sell his Horse; a Jockey ask'd him how old his Horse was? He told him, Fourteen Hands: He seeing the Fellow's Ignorance, ask'd him other Questions, and amongst the rest, demands how high his Horse was? He answer'd, Six Years: Well, says the Jockey, and has the Horse got all his Paces? Yes, yes, cries the Fellow; Pray, what are his Paces, asks the Jockey: Why, says the Fellow, Trot, Stumble, and Fall.

101.

A Gentleman of a pleasant facetious Humour had invited all his Acquaintance to take a light Supper with him, (as he call'd it) and for their Reception, every Thing was splendidly prepar'd, the Table spread with very fine Linen, and a Silver Candlestick, with a Wax-candle burning by every Plate: The Guests being come, he welcomes them in a Glass of Wine, (of which there was plenty) and after the Complimental Strain was over, he desired the good Company to seat themselves at the Table, telling them, He was as good as his Word, in providing a light Supper for them, and therefore hoped they wou'd fall to: At this they all look'd upon one another, and most of the Company rising with Displeasure in their Faces, ask'd the Gentleman, If he could find no other People to put his Tricks on but them, and in a huff made their Exit; the remaining Company laught at the Humour, and told the Gentleman, That since they were come, they wou'd not part so; and propos'd, that one of them shou'd go out and buy a Supper, and send it in: The Gentleman, says the Master of the House, let me forbear that, and ask your Patience, for a quarter of an Hour in that Time, I may chance to find something to stay your Stomachs; and calling to his Servant

command

England's Jests.

51

commands what the House afforded, to be served in ; which proved to be a Supper compos'd of all the finest Rarities in Season, with deserts of the best Sweet-meats in the World : Now, my Friend, says the Gentleman, without a Compliment, you are welcome on a double Score, for by this I have plainly seen, who came for love of me, and who for my Supper.

A LETTER against Old Maids ; written to a Lady in the Country.

I Heartily wish I were sure of being out of their reach before I begun with 'em, for they have terrible Fangs, and if they should get me within 'em, I must be forced to compound for one Eye and Ear, to save the others ; nay, 'tis dangerous ventring so much as within sight of them, for they are all Weapon, and like Porcupines, dart from every part ; or like some sort of Serpents, that twine about the unwary Traveller, and sting him to death.

*For ah ! Who can their Strength express ?
Arm'd when they themselves undress,
Cap-apee with ugliness.*

3

Doubtless, as charming a Sight, as *Don Quixot* in his short Shirt, and full as invincible ; Fate it self, holds not faster than one of these loving Furies : The Story of the *Gorgons*, I am apt to believe, was nothing else but Three old Maids, who lived so long together, 'till they frighted Mankind almost into Marble, when ever their loathsome Faces, and snaky Hairs peep'd thro' the Casement ; and yet, we would wonder how so despicable a Creature would be so terrible : Is there any thing in Nature,

so mean, so useless, so contemptible ? An old Moth is worth a Regiment of them : But I ask their pardon, for on better Thoughts, I believe they set up all the Match-brokers, and Fortune-tellers in Christendom, and are constant and liberal Benefactors to these noble Societies ; they are as credulous, as he must be that believes the thousandth part of the Stories, they tell of their youthful Amours—when they might have been married, how long since, and so often, in such, and such a King's Reign ; to that Parson, and this Lawyer, and t'other pretty Gentleman. Thus would they talk over another Age, if any thing could make them young again ; besides, what they dream of every Night, certainly this Discourse wou'd do it. Thus far, however, you may venture to believe 'em, that they have had many fair Proffers in their Time, since they themselves have made them. But one good Quality they have, they are not envious, nor malicious, any other-ways than an *African* Lady, to one who refuses her ; nor talkative, ten fulling Mills may make a shift at least, to keep pace with one of their modest Clacks, if not to silence 'em, and make them dumb as Paraquets. Add to this, the Gravity of their Beards, the Decency of their Mustachies that usually adorns their Lips and Chins, and qualifies 'em so admirable well, for the honour of being the Countess of *Trisaldi's* Waiting-Gentlewoman : Had they all as many Hands as *Briareus*, and every one armed with as many Tweezers, there would be full Employment for 'em all. An old Maid in a Commonwealth, is much such another Impliment, as an Eunuch in a Seraglio, full out as jealous and spiteful as he, and much for the same reason ; 'tis not easy to know for what else she was design'd, (since it looks harsh to grant Nature made any thing in vain unless, to be a Sister in an Hospital, having spent so much of their Life amongst Issues and Fluxions.

Sure there's a sort of sympathy between a sore Leg, and this lump of Diseases; whilst her gummy Eyes overflow her Spectacles; poor *Ursula* weeps whether she will or no, and has the good Fortune to be reckoned compassionate, when she's only infirm, and her Eyes troubled with a Diabetes. Old Rats loves Cheese, old Spiders young Flies, and old Maids young brisk Fellows; which, poor souls, they are forced to poach for, tho' now and then, they truss up a foolish 'Prentice, or poor needy Tradesman, away with them into their Holes, and immediately devour 'em. In Foreign Countries, 'tis said, there's a subtil Beast, that comes by Night to their Village-Houses, and exactly counterfeits a Woman's Voice, making pitiful moan for Admittance, or crying out for Help; whom, if the fond Credulity of the Inhabitants can once be prevail'd upon to admit, they pay dear for their good Nature, one of the Company at least being sure to make their new Guest a Supper: But these the Cannibals, these Flesh-Crows, these Men-catchers, these Old Maids, are even with him for scandalizing their Sex, and do more than counterfeit the Hyena.

The ANSWER in Defence of Old Maids.

Nothing is more obvious than Recommendation in all these Cases, and the old Batchellor, Sir T. would be an excellent Match for your old Maids: But no: to insist always on that Method of Defence, which besides, cannot immediately affect you: Sir T. would be reckon'd a young Widower; I, however, ask leave to insist on some of the Conveniencies and Excellencies of old Maids, which your rude Sex so much despise; ungrateful Men that you are, tho' you can't remember your Infancy, don't you believe.

you were once Children—yes, and must be so again, if you live much longer; and in both those Circumstances, if you consider'd the indispensable Use of a careful old Maid, you wou'd have Gratitude, or at least more Wit, than thus to rail against them: How many wakeful Nights, and weary Days, have the poor Souls worn out in young Master's Service, tho' now you so little regard 'em? how many Garters have they broke in rocking him? what terrible Colds, Humours, and Aches, in taking him up, and walking up and down the Room with him, in cold frosty Nights, to quiet him? nay, how much precious Juice, have they wrang, poor Creatures, out of their own Gums, to mix with his Pap, when feeding him, that it might not burn him? and all, all for ever-forgotten; where's Gratitude, where's Honour, or Sympathy, or Generosity? meer Shadows and romantick Tales like these, which these poor forsaken dry Nurses, were wont to tell their Children, to quiet 'em: Well, comfort your selves, poor Heart's? tho' by this time, they are got to their Breeches, and can put them up and down without your help; you'll see them again sooner than you imagine; they run fast, their Race will soon be over, and they'll come again, and be a second time under your tuition, sooner than they, or you are aware: Do but live honestly, and without fretting, and when they come to be old Men, you'll find but little difference in your own Ages, since you first nurs'd 'em: This they must come to again, therefore one wou'd expect, they shou'd be more civil for that reason; as the Fellow was once to the Devil himself, whom he would not hear abused, because he did not know whose hands he might fall into. The same watching, the same tucking up, the same warm Cloaths, Flannel, and Candle, they us'd to have when they were young; it may be too, you must come into Bed to his old Worship, as you did to his young Wor-

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ſhip, to cheriſh him, and keep him warm, and rub him for the *Sciatica*, and you may do it, without any ſcandal or danger; alas! the harmleſs Creature, it has no more hurt in't, than a chriſome Infant, it may be, 'twill ſmirk a little, now and den, and be waggiſh, and chirrup, but that's all, and you know there's no hurt in that: It uſed to puke mightily when 'twas young, a good ſign, and a thriving Child I warrant it. Why, juſt ſo it ſpits now for all the world, and Mrs. Nurſe will be more put to it, to keep it dry, and muſt be changing its Bib, Four or Five times, in Four and twenty Hours; ſometimes it wants to ſh— and then Nurſe muſt be call'd, and many a fore tug muſt ſhe have with him; for now the Child grows heavy, and you wou'd not think how much care is required to keep it ſweet; beſides, 'tis a froward poor thing, as if it had got the Gripes, or cutting its Eye-teeth again: Nurſe — why Nurſe — where are ye? if ſhe goes but a Moment about the moſt neceſſary Occaſions, then away flies the Bedſtaff, ſome two or three Inches after her, and a Cough comes in the room on't, that juſt ſtrangles him, and holds him for half an Hour; a little Sirrup, good Nurſe — Ehe — Ehe I am juſt going, Ehe — Ehe — ſo, let me ſet up in Bed; wipe away here from my Beard this — ah dear Nurſe, that ever I ſhou'd come to — O your ſervant Sir T. how do you like your Picture? Yet this you muſt be in a few Years, or nothing; and then an old Maid muſt be ſuch a contemptible Creature; and if you wou'd not your ſelf be deſpiſed, and neglected when you're old, your beſt way will be, to treat them civilly before you need them.



A Receipt to Cure M A D L O V E.

Probatum est.

TAKE an Ounce of common Prudence, a Scruple of Self-love, and a Dram of the Powder of Resignation, with half a Pound of other Folks dear bought Experience, which may be had at a cheap rate, in almost every Family; mix these well together, and temper with it a few Drops of serious Consideration, and apply it to the soft Place of the Head. You may repeat the Application as often as you please.

NOVEL I.

NOT far from London there lately dwelt a Lady, who upon many Accounts, deserv'd a more than ordinary respect from all Persons, who had the good Fortune to have the Honour of her Acquaintance; but from her Relations, she merited it upon another Motive, as engaging as any that you can think of; and that was, the Advantage of having a great deal of Riches, and a very good Estate to leave amongst them, when she shou'd die. Now, as nothing works more upon us than the Expectation of great Gain, so you may imagine, that her Relations were all of them extremely industrious to make a shew of that great Zeal, with which they would be willing to serve her, and they amongst them, looked upon themselves to be Fortunate, that could seize upon most of those happy Opportunities. This was the case in a Fit of Sickness, which this good Lady chanc'd to labour under, wherein she was almost kill'd with double Diligence; and made Light-headed with Impertinencies, of How do you Madam, and perpetual buzzings of Prayers for her Recovery, which the officious Relations, would be sure to utter loud enough for to frighten, and interrupt her in her broken Slumbers, tho' at the same time

they spoke so softly, as if they were afraid that Heaven should hear them, and take them at their word: However, the Lady did recover, and all their Diligence, and too frequent Enquiries after her Health, which were enough to have broke a stronger Constitution than hers, were quite thrown away upon her; she does recover, as I told, notwithstanding all their Care of her; she old and tough, who knows how long she may live, or when she may die? This was a tormenting Thought to all her Relations, they lov'd her too well not to be extremely grieved that there was no hopes, but that the old Lady should linger on in pain a great while, and it was a most disconsolate prospect to them, that they could not see when their dearst Friend should be released from this miserable Life; they had waited a great while longer than they desired, already, and a great while longer they were like to wait: This you may be sure, render'd the old Lady's Sickness, the most insupportable Affliction to them in the World, and as they were of a good Family, and well bred, they could but wish it otherwise, which the good Gentlewoman perceives very well, and was so careful of repaying them with an equal Generosity, that she acquainted them one Day, that she was resolv'd to marry, and by that means, said she, I will admit another into the Family, who being a brisk young Gentleman, will have Strength and Courage enough, to help you to bear some of this insupportable Affliction, which I find is too heavy for ye; besides, I will oblige him before hand, to take the greatest Trouble of all off of your Hands; (that is, the laying out of my Money, and spending my Estate) or else, I promise you beforehand, I will have nothing to do with him. To put this Promise, made to her Friends, in Execution, that she might not be worse to them than her word, she sends away to a Neighbour, who had a younger Brother, a pretty young Gentleman, and him she acquaints, that she had resolv'd within her-

self, for divers Reasons, to marry, and that amongst all People she had turn'd her Eyes upon, she could not think of any, that better deserv'd the good Fortune of having a great Estate conferr'd upon him, than his younger Brother, that therefore she had resolv'd, that his Merit shou'd not be disappointed in that behalf, and that if he thought convenient to marry her, all she had should be at his Service. The Gentleman returns her thanks on his Brother's behalf, whom he believes to have more Discretion than not to accept of the Honour that she design'd him; that he wou'd take care to communicate to him the Knowledge of his good Fortune, with all the speed imaginable. This Message dispatch'd by the old Lady, the young Gentleman is sent for, to his Brother, who acquaints him with what good Fortune was like to befall him; who on the other hand, receives the News with an unspeakable Coldness and Indifference; being press'd for his Answer, tells his Brother, That he can't think of any such thing, without Horror and Confusion; that he had already vow'd himself to a young Lady, to whom he was not only engag'd by Words and Oaths, but by a Passion more violent than ever possessed any Heart but his own; that he could have wish'd his Brother had spar'd himself the trouble of being the Messenger of this unwelcome News; and old Madam might keep her Estate, or bestow it on some Body that could be disingenuous enough to accept of her Wealth, and pay her well for it afterwards, as for him, he could never be so dishonest. I leave you to consider, saith the Elder, whether these Punctillio's, are, or ought to be so strongly insisted on, as you seem at present to imagine; and so they parted. Away goes the younger Brother to his fair Belov'd, where he throws himself at her Feet. *'Tis with the utmost Horror and Confusion, Madam, (saith he) that I must acquaint you, how strangely Fortune takes delight*

to perplex us; I have been solicited to be false to you, but in so odd a manner, (as now I consider better of it) ought to have put me into a sudden fit of Laughter, rather than Amazement: My Brother hath been advising me to marry Madam—— who, as a Bait to tempt me to so much Folly, as he informs, offers at the same time, to settle all upon me: But if ever I prove false, or ungrateful, if ever I forget the Passion which I have for you, or if any other Thoughts, but those of Honour and Respect, and the greatest Tenderness for your self, enter into my Heart, may—— Hold Sir, (saith the young Lady) I shall spare you the Trouble of proceeding in this nature; and with a charming softness, mix'd with unusual modesty, dropping her Head into his Bosom, I tell you (said she) I believe all that you can swear to be true, and should be very uneasy if I should believe otherwise; your Friendship is a Jewel that I place a true Value upon, and to shew you how great my Esteem is for you I shall make bold to give you such Advice, as you ought to expect from a true Friend, and one that values, and places an Interest in every degree of your Welfare, and therefore desire and command you, by all that reciprocal Kindness which hath past between us, and which I hope, shall not end, but with our Lives, that you follow and obey it. Go marry, and make your self: I do not bid you forget me; nay, I must confess, I wou'd have you love me still. And here she blush'd, and paus'd: At which, the Lover reassuming the Discourse. Marry Madam, and be happy—— Impossibility and Contradiction, not being spoken of your self. Sir, (replies she, with a look at the same time, lovely and imperious) I hope you will not give me reason to dispute the Truth of your Passion; and render me absolutely miserable, in causing me to doubt whether you ever lov'd me, by refusing me in this; which, as it is my first, so it shall be my last Request: 'Tis true, I place my Happiness in yours, and for that reason, command you to marry; for I shall be eternally burthensome to my self, should

Should I hinder your Prosperity, and on the other side, shall be infinitely pleas'd, that it is only to my Command and Advice, you will owe the being settled in great Riches, and a large Estate; shew me your Love therefore by your Obedience, and assure your self that you can never be otherwise than belov'd by me, when you shall have given me so large a Proof of your Affection; 'till then, I ought not to think so well of you, as I do, nor will I see you any more till then. On which Words she departed, and would not hear him a word.

It was hard for the poor Gentleman thus to be constrain'd, to think of what he had an Aversion to, Marriage with any, but his lovely Mistress; but to contradict it was in vain, he found she would be obey'd, and therefore he endeavours all he can, to bring himself to comply with her Commands. Why should I make long of the Story, or trouble you with the Repetition of all the generous and handsome Protestations of inviolable Love, and of preferring her before all the Riches in the World, which he made to his inexorable fair one? She would not hear one word of it, nothing could convince her of his Reality and Sincerity, but marrying the old Woman. He complies, and notice is given to the Lady. The Day is appointed. The appointed Day comes. The Marriage is perform'd with a great deal of Pomp and Solemnity. The Gentleman-Bridegroom is taken on one side by the Waiting-Gentlewoman, to see the Nuptial Bed that was prepar'd for him; where, notwithstanding the warm Moings which he supposed his old Bedfellow that is to be, expected; he seeth all Things lin'd with Furrs and Flannels, nay, even so much as the Wedding-Sheets are Flannel. He desires the Maid to persuade her Lady, that they might be chang'd for Linen, he would secure her from catching cold. It would be in vain (replies the other) she will by no means suffer them to be chang'd; and for that

England's Jest.

You hath contriv'd that you might see them, and know so much, lest being ignorant of it, you should have been surpriz'd at the Matter. In a word, Night comes, to Bed they are put; the Sack-posset is eaten, and the Bride and Bridegroom left to finish the Solemnity. No sooner are they left alone, but the old Lady begins to knock for her Waiting-Woman, who coming in, *Reach your Master his Night-gown and Slippers*; and — Madam replies — *Nay Sir* (saith the Bride) *you must rise, 'tis in vain to dispute it, you must rise*; I have done all that lay in my power, to make you absolute Master of an Estate, which is not to be despis'd, though it be less than you deserve; and I would not have you think that I married for any other Ends, I had none of those wanton Designs in my Head, that Women of my Age commonly have, when they act in this manner; I very well know, I am not a fitting Bed-fellow for a young Gentleman of your Youth and Air; I hope my Estate will be a little more Serviceable to you in another way, than I can be in that. I am not ignorant of your love neither to young Madam — I have heard of your generous Proceedings towards one another, I admire and esteem you both for it, and am sorry my Estate was no larger to confer upon you, that it might more amply testify me, the sincere respect I have for so much Generosity and Honour: But in the Interim I detain you, I fear your Health, pray retire to Bed, in the Morning you shall know my mind more at large. Surpriz'd at so unusual, yet so handsome a Proceeding, he withdraws, fill'd with much respect, for what he thought he should never endure, viz. his old Lady; and is conducted to an Apartment in all Points fit for a young Bridegroom: To be short, the old Gentlewoman never ceased 'till she had gain'd an Acquaintance with her Husband's Beloved; brings her home one Day to her own House, of which she assures generously, when she had taken her aside into her Closet, that she was in the right of such an one;

(singing

(naming her Spouse) the absolute Mistress would never suffer her to depart any more, useth them both with the most endearing Tenderness in the World ; they are confounded at her Goodness, and all live together with the greatest Satisfaction, Freedom, and Innocence in the World ; the old Gentlewoman grows weak, and so much had her Friendship prevail'd upon this generous Couple, that they are even sick for her ; her Departure draws near, and one day, as they were alone in their Chamber ; *I am a going*, (saith she, with a voice so weak, as could hardly be heard) *continue to love one another, make ye, and be as happy as I wish ye, and have endeavour'd to do*, and immediately gives up the Ghost, leaving them in so deep Sorrow, as is supposed, really would have over-whelm'd them both, but for the mutual Comfort, which they found in one another : They prove true Mourners for the old Lady, and when the time was expir'd, which Decency and Gratitude requir'd should be allotted to shew their Sorrow, for the Death of so true a Friend, the Lovers, to their unspeakable Satisfaction, married, and live to this day ; and triumph in the Spoils of the old Lady's ungrateful and ungenerous Relations.

2.

A Lady of a plentiful Fortune in *Essex*, that was contracted to a Gentleman of the same County, came up to *London*, to celebrate their Nuptials, and bringing with them a considerable Company of Gentlemen and Ladies, concludes it more convenient to take up their Quarters in some good Inn, than carry such a Concourse of People to their Friends or Acquaintance ; therefore they repair to the *Spread-Eagle* in *Grace-church-street*, for the Time of their Stay in Town, where every thing was managed with great Carefulness and Magnificence, as the Cause requir'd, and all the Inn fill'd with the good Company, except two Chambers three Gentlemen from *Cambridge* had taken before.

They paſſed away the Time very pleaſantly in Dancing, and ſuch like Diverſions, for ſeveral Days and Nights, that quite tired two of the Ladies, who agreed, not ſaying any thing to the reſt of the Company, to ſteal to Bed, which accordingly they did; where they had not lain long, e'er one of the Ladies having an Occaſion for the Chamber-pot, met with a Diſappointment, thro' the Maid's neglecting to ſet it in the proper Place, which put the Lady to the Trouble of ſlipping into her Night-gown, and going to a convenient Cloſet, at the End of the Gallery.

In the mean Time, the fore-mentioned Gentleman came in, and one of them being tired with hard drinking, went ſtraight into his Chamber (that happen'd to be next to the Ladies) and when he was in Bed, he commands the Chamberlain to fetch a Glaſs of Water; the Chamberlain takes up the Candle, and goes his ways: When the Lady having finiſh'd her Buſineſs, was returning to her Chamber, but thro' Miſtake, goes into the Gentleman's, and makes no words of the matter, flings off her Gown, and ſteps into Bed. The Gentleman lay ſtill in a ſort of Surprize at what new Bedfellow he had got; when the Lady laughing, tells him how near the Chamberlain had lik'd to have ſurprized her at the Little Houſe; the Gentleman ſtill ſays nothing, which makes the Lady conclude her Bedfellow was aſleep, and giving him a Hunch with her Elbow, cries, How can you be ſuch a Sot, not to mind what I ſay?

With that, the Gentleman taking her in his Arms, intreated her not to be ſurprized, tho' he was not the Perſon ſhe ſuppoſed, and that on his Honour, he would not offer any thing unbecoming the ſtrict Modesty. Nevertheless, ſhe being ſtrangely frighted, began to ſtruggle and cry out; but the Gentleman diſſid her, as ſhe valued her Reputation, to lie ſtill, ſo he heard his Companions coming into his Chamber, with the Chamberlain, who having told them,

he was gone to Bed, where all Hands come to pull him out again.

The Gentleman had just Time to fling the Bed-cloaths over the Lady's Head, and that was all; for in they came, rallying him for running away, and seizing the Cloaths, were for pulling them from off him; when he started up, as being displeased at their Rudeness, desires them to go down, and each Man call for his Bottle, and gave them his Word to come to them immediately. They were no sooner gone, but he fastens the Door, and all the Lady's Intreaties to be released, would no way prevail on the Gentleman, unless she would tell him her Name, and who she was; and with Intreaties, Prayers, and Arguments, he persists in the Request; when the Lady plainly told him, She would as soon die, as declare, and therefore it would be in vain to urge her farther; for tell him, she would not.

When he found she was so obstinate, he let her know she was at her Liberty to go when she pleas'd; only intreated she would remember, There was such a Thing as Honour in a Man, even when he had the greatest Temptations to the contrary. The Lady retiring to her Chamber, found her Bedfellow soundly sleeping, and insensible of her long Stay.

In the mean Time, the Gentleman goes to his Friends, and altho' he drank very hard, still the Lady ran in his Head; who he believes would be difficult to find out amongst so many as were then in the Inn. About Morning he repairs to Bed, but could not compose himself to Rest, nor think of any probable means, whereby to discover who this same Lady should be. The Morning draws on apace, and is accompanied with a Noise of Musick, which comes to bid the Bride and Bridegroom Good-morrow. Up gets the Gentleman, takes a Turn or two in the Gallery, but can make no Discovery. The Chamberlain seeing the Gentleman up, gets into his Chamber to make

Bed, wherein he finds a fine Diamond-Ring, which the Lady, it seems, in her Surprise, tho' unknown either to her self or the Spark, had dropt over Night. The Chamberlain immediately brings the Ring to the Gentleman, who soon guessed who should be the Owner; and consulting the best means of discovering its right Mistress, he resolves to invite all the Wedding Folks to Dinner that Day; which, in a very obliging Compliment, sent to the Bridegroom, was accepted; the Gentleman provides a very splendid Dinner, compos'd of the nicest Rarities, best Wines, and finest Musick that could be had.

Now he and his Friends busie themselves in entertaining the good Company with a world of diverting and pleasant Stories, all the while, narrowly Eyeing the young Ladies, tho' fruitlessly; for he could by no means, by any Look or Action, so much as guess which should be the fair Unknown. At last, on he puts the Ring, displays his Hand in a thousand Postures, thinking some of them would take Notice of it: As he imagin'd, so it happens, one of the Ladies above the rest, blushes at the Sight, and appears in great Disorder; whereon he apprehends it to be probable enough, that she might be the fair Owner. On this Imagination, he taketh the first Opportunity to single her from the rest of the good Company, and modestly ask'd her, If she did not know that Ring? This doubled the Lady's Confusion, and her Obstinacy too, to conceal her self, for she falsely disowns it, and will not by any means be induc'd to acknowledge that ever she saw it in her Life before.

He as positively, but with a great deal of Respect, tells her, It was in vain to endeavour to deceive him any farther, for by the Disorder she had discover'd at her first seeing it, he was throughly convinced, that she must be the true Owner, and that the Ring did really belong to her; and as a means to induce her to acknowledge it, assures her, with all the Protestations

ons and Vows imaginable, upon his Honour, never to disclose the least Title of the Matter; to manifest the Truth of his Words, begs she would accept of him for her Husband; and with the less Fear, he makes the Proposal, since they were absolutely Strangers to each others Circumstances; which was Reason sufficient enough to persuade her, it was not Interest that mov'd him to this Declaration of a Passion so sincere. It was nothing, he solemnly adds, but eternal Love, and a free Choice, which had extorted from him, this Declaration.

The Lady is overcome with so gentle a Treatment and Procedure, gives him Leave (with the most obliging, but modest Air in the World) to make his Addresses to her, which are seconded with such good Success, that the Marriage Rites were in three Days Space concluded; where after a short Grace, the Gentleman was left to fall to, without Interruption.

3.

A young Spark, about the Age of Eighteen, that had by several Extravagancies, enforc'd his Father to a strict Severity over him, besides telling *Lysander* (for so I shall call him) that on the next Misdeemeanour he must depart his Doors: This Sentence sounds very hard in his Son's Ears, and duly weighing the Misery of Separation from his Beloved Mistress, (a near Neighbour of his) he began to intercede with his Father to have some Patience, on a conditional Promise of his future Goodness; but mighty Love prevented his keeping the Articles made with his old Dad. This Mistress of his was Daughter to a Gentleman, but she was of no great Fortune more than Nature and Art, in point of Education, had accomplish'd her withal. Nevertheless there was between those two young Lovers an enormous Intrigue very cunningly managed; for the Lady's Father was in all particulars as austere as *Lysander*

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therefore they had order'd their Meetings in the Night; for ſeveral times they entertain each other with all the tender Careſſes that Innocence could allow; but *Lyſander's* Father unluckily ſuſpects him, whoſe *Argu*: Eyes kept a continual Watch over all his Actions, with that Strictneſs, that his Quarters muſt be remov'd to a Chamber within his Father's, that ſeem'd almoſt impoſſible for *Lyſander* to get out to his Miſtreſs that Night, as by ſolemn Promiſe he had engaged to do.

But LOVE, like Neceſſity, the Mother of Invention, ſoon furniſh'd him with an Expedient; therefore with the Reſolution of a Hero up he gets, and in his Bed he places a Block with his Cap on't, the Face to the Wall, and cloſely cover'd; then taking one of the Sheets, he ventures thorough his Father's Chamber, who being more wakeful than *Lyſander* imagined, over-heard him, but let him alone, knowing all the Doors were ſaſt, and the Keys by his Bedſide. *Lyſander* takes his Sheet, goes to the Window, and having drawn the Bar with much Art and no Noiſe, faſtens the Sheet, lets himſelf down into the Garden; from thence he repairs, with eager haſte, to his Miſtreſs, tho' in leſs than two Hours they parted again, thro' fear of approaching Day.

But e'er that Time, his Father having heard ſomething trip through his Chamber, ſoon concluded 'twas his hopeful Son; and being aſſured he could not get out of the Houſe, lay ſtill expecting his Return; and liſtning ſome time to no purpoſe, at laſt miſtruſting his own Senſe of Hearing, and conſulting his Wife, ſhe was of the ſame Opinion with himſelf; neceſſary leſs, the old Man could not be ſaſiſy'd, but riſe he muſt; taking a Candle, goes to his Son's Chamber, where ſeeing the Head lie very ſnug, in a true ſleeping Poſture, concluded 'twas *Lyſander*, and remains to his Wife; but Jealouſie and Age generally are inſeparable Companions, therefore it could not out of the

the old Man's Pericranium, but that ſome Ghoſt or Thief had invaded his Houſe ; therefore for his better Satisfaction, he takes the Candle, and down ſtairs he trots, examining all the Doors, and finding all faſt, up he goes again ; but as he aſcends, he eſpies a Pittance of the Sheet hanging within the Window, and poſting thither, he obſerves the manner of its Contrivance, and concludes no leſs than a Robbery in the Caſe ; whereupon he calls up all his Servants in order to make a ſtrict Search throughout the Houſe, but with the ſame fruitleſs Succeſs as before ; therefore he commands his Son to be rais'd, which one of the Maids attempted to do, by calling him ſeveral times, and receiving no Answer, ſhe jogs the Block, taking it for her young Maſter ; but doing it rudely and in haſte, the Block turn'd, and with its grim Phreſtard her up in the Countenance, which ſo frighten'd the poor Maid, that ſhe runs to her Maſter, crying out, that *Lyſander* was murder'd, and black in the Face. This ſudden Outcry amazed the Old Folks, who immediately hurry to ſee this bloody Tragedy ; but upon true Examination diſcovers the Plot, and leaving all things in their firſt Order, they return to Bed, and expect their Son's Return, who ſoon after made his ſilent Entry, and rectifying the Window, ſtole back to his Chamber, little ſuſpecting the Diſcovery that was made, but ſettling himſelf to ſupply his broken Reſt ; when his Father, who was no longer able to conceal his Rage, came to correct our amorous Night-walker. By the Cloud on his Father's Brow, *Lyſander* plainly ſaw the Storm was coming, and pleaded hard for Mercy, alledging, the Innocency of his Years could not draw him to any thing more than a Merry-making with civil Perſons of the Neighbourhood ; but this would not pacify the incenſed Father, who laid on very ſeverely, till perceiving no Returns of Childiſh Bawling, but rather a Manly Suffering, he forbore his School-boy's Correſpondence.

stisement, and upon *Lysander's* farther Entreaty, he came to a Capitulation, on Condition of these Articles of Agreement, That for the next Fault he committed, banish'd he must be for ever, from his Father's Presence.

Nevertheless, an Article made with a Father, is not to stand in Competition with a Mistress, and, as ill Luck would have it, *Lysander* had promis'd his Mistress to meet her the following Night at the same Place: *Lysander*, after the Mode of Princes, soon found a Flaw in the Treaty, therefore resolves to venture, if he lost the Revenue of all his Father's Dominions; and having Information, that the old Man intended to lock him into the Chamber the next Night by the way of Prevention, Love inspired our Champion, to go in the Day-time, and pluck up a Board under his Bed, which gave him Passage into a Cellar, where he could get out of the Window with Ease; that done, and the Hopes of seeing his Mistress, made him very pleasant the rest of the Day, which gave his Father some Suspicion he had a Project working in his Pate, that made his Heart so light, and is resolved to watch his Son's Motions.

Night being come, the Family was ordered to Bed, and *Lysander* lock'd into his Chamber, who seemingly prepar'd for Rest, by pulling off his Cloaths; but on the contrary he falls to work, and first removing the loose Boards, he with a Line let down his Cloaths, the Passage being not wide enough otherways; then he descends himself, where he concludes he was out of all Danger; but he was no sooner in the Cellar, but the same Moment his Father was in the Chamber, who seizing the Line, drew back all *Lysander's* Cloaths, leaving him in the cold Cellar cover'd only with his Shirt.

This unlucky Disappointment serv'd but to heighten his Resolution, and had not Modesty urged against it, he had ventur'd naked as he was, to show him-

himself a punctual Lover to his Mistress, who with great Impatience attended her Spark's coming, 'till the bright *Aurora* had near gilded the Tops of the Neighbouring Hills; and then alas! she retires pensive and sad, little imagining the Cause of the Disappointment: When on the other hand, poor *Lysander's* Father enters the Cellar, not only to release him, but likewise to discharge him out of his House, according to Condition of the Treary so lately concluded, which the Moment he was dressed, his Father absolutely perform'd.

Now the Story of the Prodigal Son comes into *Lysander's* Head, with the additional Thoughts of being for ever banished from his Charming Mistress, who doubtless would not regard him in exile, therefore beats his Brain, to find out Means of being reconcil'd to his Father; and the best Expedient he contrives, is to go to a Gentleman of his Father's particular Acquaintance, and through his Intercession, he might find pardon; and accordingly *Lysander* repairs to this Gentleman, tells him his Misfortune, and deep Concern for his Father's Displeasure; which so far prevails on the Gentleman, that he immediately sends for *Lysander's* old Dad, who, by his Friend's Intreaty, and *Lysander's* humble Contrition, the old Man was prevail'd upon to pardon his Son, whose future Behaviour, made such ample amends for the little Elopements he had made, that it wrought on the old Man so far, as to consent *Lysander* should espouse his ador'd Mistress; who, in a little Time after, were married to both their mutual Satisfaction.

^{4.}
A young Lady who had newly buried her Husband, makes a Resolution, That the next she married shou'd have an Estate equal to, if not exceeding her own, for Love she would by no means think of it, that having little ones before, to have made her

miserable; but her Spouse being gone, she had buried her fond love with him; the Man she wou'd pitch on must be accomplish'd, and one she did not hate, but rich he must be inevitably: Being thus resolv'd, she soon dispatcht a Number of Votaries; none of these suting her Inclinations, while at last, comes a very fine Gentleman, that after Two or Three Visits she likes extreamly, were she sure he had Money enough; and enquiring of his Friend that introduced him, is informed he has 300 Pounds per Annum: Nevertheless, she resolves to act with a world of Caution, lest he should prove an Impostor. But the Spark desirous to end the Courtship, and take the Covenant, (as dear Joy calls it) presses her to know when the happy Day should be; the Lady tells him, It would be very necessary first to make a Settlement of his Estate, that there might be no Cause of repenting afterwards; when this was done, the Marriage might soon be perform'd. The Gentleman gives her the Choice of having 200 a Year settled on her, or leaving the Matter to his own Free-will, as believing she deserved the Treasure of the Indies: To this generous offer, the Lady knew not readily how to answer, but desires a day or two Consideration. In the mean time, the Gentleman (accidentally, a purpose) drops a Letter out of his Pocket, which coming to the Lady's Hand, she opens, and finds to this purpose;

SIR,

AFTER due Respect to you, these are to acquaint you, That the Affairs hitherto are very Fortunate, and like to continue so, for of the last Half Year's Rent due to you, I've receiv'd 200 Pounds, which is the whole within a small Matter; and there is 300 Pounds more fall'n to you by an Accident, which you may receive at your Arrival; for Mr. W—— your old Tenant and his Wife, in your Copy-hold, are both dead, and his Son of-

fers

fers me 200 Pounds for a New Lease renew'd in his and his Brother's Name, besides an Addition of 20 Pounds per Annum Rent more than formerly ; and 200 Pounds is offer'd by Goodman G—— to put his Son's Life also in the Lease ; if you please to perform the Two Leases, they will pay me down the Money, and take my Promise that you at your Return will seal to them therefore if you please to accept it, I'll send you the whole Sum together, believing 'twill be more safe and profitable for you to dispose of it in Town than here. And now Sir, I hope you will pardon me, if I desire to know how you proceed in your Love Affair ; for Madam R—— whom you formerly courted, seems to desire you wou'd renew your Suit, she having a fine Estate left her by her Uncle's death ; but knowing you do not esteem Money before Affection, I must be silent, and submit to your better Judgment, with asking pardon for my Freedom. I remain

Your Worship's Servant,
and faithful Steward,

E.

The Lady was extremely pleas'd with the Contents of this Letter, hugged herself with the good Fortune she was going to possess ; tho' the latter Part of the Letter, did by no means oblige her Understanding ; his old Mistress had met with the good Fortune of a large Addition to her Estate ; this she fears may incline her Lover to renew his Address to her ; therefore, by way of Prevention, she resolves to delay the Matter no longer, but upon his next Treaty of Marriage, to accept of him, and that upon his own Terms ; which was not long before it was perfected, by the Gentleman's coming, when the Time was ended, that she desired to consider of the Business : The Spark prest her home to the Matter, and the more earnest he was for it, through his Occasions calling him into the Country. Upon this

the Lady lets him know, she so much rely'd on his Love and Honour, that when e'er he pleas'd their Nuptials should be consummated, leaving things wholly to his own Pleasure, not in the least suspecting his Generosity, since she left her self wholly to him : To this he answer'd so very obliging, that she yielded to be married the next Day ; which accordingly was perform'd : And to shew her good Opinion, (and believing it might augment his Generosity to her) she gave him the Keys of all her Money, Writings, Plate and Jewels ; he again modestly returned them to her, signifying (with thanks) how much better he was pleas'd they should continue in her Possession ; and striving to out-do each other in Kindness, they pass'd away the Time for some Weeks ; but he taking no notice of his Journey, she let him know what Diversion she should take to go with him to his Country House, and see the Joynture he wou'd make her. To this he willingly complies, with an Assurance that he intended to settle all he had upon her ; and being something skill'd in the Law, he would draw up a Draught of all his Affair, and give her to advise with her Friends ; this in a Day or two he performs, by delivering his Lady a Paper, telling her, He was oblig'd to go to the other end of the Town, and in the mean time she might peruse the Draught, and chuse as she pleas'd ; and taking his Leave, repairs to the Place aforesaid. He was no sooner gone, but the Lady takes the Paper, the Draught of the supposed Joynture, and to her Relations she goes, telling them, she must ask their Advice in making Choice of what Part of her Spouse's Estate she should pitch on ; and opening the Paper, gave it her late Husband's Father to read ; which he does, as follows ;



*Grave plodding Sir, my Wife I've sent to you,
 That you'd advise her, what she'd best to do.
 She is rich, so am I, beyond control;
 For I have Lordships, boundless as my Soul:
 She's vastly rich, what need she covet more?
 Yet gaining me, she's richer than before.
 I have no Lands, confess, but I have Wit;
 Make her such Jointure as you please of it:
 I have good Parts too, that she knows full well,
 And may confess, if not asham'd to tell;
 Both which she shall command, nor will I be
 Unkind to her, that is so kind to me:
 What would she have more? having enough of Self;
 She has all she cou'd have, seeing she has my self.
 Dear, Second self, be not displeas'd that I
 Did frame a Letter, that gain'd thee thereby.
 Who wou'd not wrack his Wits, to spring a Mine
 So rich? all other's poor, compar'd to thine:
 And may the Powers above henceforth decree,
 That none may work within thy Mine but me.*

At the first the Lady seem'd strangely disorder'd;
 but recollecting her self, she resolv'd to make
 the best of what was not in her Power to undo; she
 fore patiently attends her Husband's return, who
 at Night he fail'd not to do; and finding his Speech
 in so pleasant a debonnair Temper, made him suspect
 her Friends and she had contriv'd some satisfaction
 Revenge, equivalent to the Trick he had impos'd
 on our rich beautiful Widow; but discoursing
 he then found she was as well pleas'd with his Wit
 as with the real Enjoyment of his large Pretence;
 and hugg'd his Soul with more ardency, than
 willing Arms did his Body. The Satisfaction was
 greatly pleasing on both sides, neither was the Gentleman
 backward in making ample Acknowledgements
 for his Happiness in so charming a Bride.

5.

Three Ladies, one Summer Evening, walking in *St. James's-Park*, were accosted by a violent fine Beau, who, by his Gesture and Mien, they judg'd to be some Out-landish Officer of the Guards; he made his Address in particular to one of the Ladies, who happen'd to be of a pleasant brisk Humour, and conceiving in her self a great Inclination to put some Trick upon her new cringing Lover, she turns to her Companions, (and in as plain a manner as she durst without fear of the Spark's mistrust or discovery) tells them her Intention; then seeming to walk from her Companions, as to give the Beau an Opportunity of Converse; he soon closes with the Motion, and quickly came to the Point, which was to accept of an Entertainment with him at such a Place; the Lady, after some faint Denial, promises to meet him in less than an Hour at the place, but she wou'd be mask'd, and in another Dress, to prevent being observed by the Ladies her Companions, who wou'd think very strange of her (shou'd they in the least mistrust 'twas she) to go with a strange Gentleman; therefore, to prevent all Matters of that Nature, she wou'd go home and disguise her self from their Knowledge, and without fail wou'd return to him within the Time prefix'd.

This Agreement made, away goes the Lady to her Company, and fails not to tell them all Particulars; and after some seeming excuse, she leaves her Companions, quits the Park, and making great haste Home, she unstrips, and put on her Maids Cloaths, Hood and Scarf; and thus mob'd to her mind, she sallies out to her Spark, who she finds exact in his Post, as when she left him; tho' had she not discover'd her Face, her Dress was so alter'd, that the Spark did not believe her the same; But to his unutterable Joy she was come, and to lose no Time, he immediately conducts her to a Coach, which he

orders to drive to the *George Tavern* in the *Pelmeil*, where they are no sooner alight, and entered a Room, but our furious Lover, impatient of Delays. was immediately for falling too; which the Lady would not suffer by any means, while after Supper, and then she was at his Service: No doubt but our eager Spark soon commanded Supper with an expeditious Haste, since he found his Inclinations move so strongly; and for the better passing away the Time, the Lady proposes a Frolick of changing Cloaths with her Spark, that she might see how well she cou'd play the B—— Courtier; the Officer willing to oblige his Mistress in all Things in his Power, readily condescends to the Humour, and without hesitating on the Matter, strips immediately, as likewise does the Lady; who, for the modest Convenience of Shifting, withdrew into a Closet, (or some such place, where in Taverns, they put Faggots) and having made an exchange, even of their very Linen. When the Lady was equipt, she makes her Entry, taking the Sword and Hat, and adjusting herself in the nicest order, makes her Addresses to her Metamorphos'd Spark; who (to say the truth) made but an awkward Madam. and indeed had as oddly habited himself, as an upstart Servant Maid, when she pretends to personate her Mistress; therefore the Lady assists in pinning up the Gown, dressing the Head, and placing the Patches; and after all things were in order on both sides, the Lady plaid her part with so much Wit and Humour, that by all means the Frolick must be continued while after Supper; which indeed was managed with such a Nicety, that neither the Waiters or Attendance perceived the Metamorphosis. And now Supper drawing near its Conclusion, our Lady Spark commands the Waiter to withdraw, that she might, with freedom, discourse Monsieur Madam, and have her Diversion of laughing at her He' Monster in Petticoats, who said

have debauch'd his own Breeches upon the Lady's Back ; therefore she finding her Spark so violent, and the Humour now growing stale, believes it is high time to change the Scene ; and accordingly she steps to the Stairs-head, with a pretence to call up the Waiter ; (or rather, as the Officer supposes, to make use of a convenient Utensil, that commonly furnishes ever Tavern's Stair-case) but indeed, it proved otherwise ; for near half an Hour passes and no Spark appears ; at which Madam rings, demanding of the Waiter, where the Gentleman was gone : The Waiter replies, Over to the Chocolate-House, leaving Word at the Bar, He would be back immediately : This the Officer believes is done, the better to carry on the Frolick ; but waiting an Hour longer, he grew out of Patience, sending to the Chocolate-House, to enquire for a Gentleman in such Cloaths : Word was brought, He had been gone in a Coach from thence, near an Hour. This was like Thunder in our disguis'd Officer's Ears, who, now but too plainly perceives the Cheat ; at which, he fell to tearing off his Head-cloaths, then cursing and swearing like a Fury, but all in vain, for the Bird was flown away with her Prey. And to compleat his Misfortune, up the Bill is brought, which he going to discharge, finds not so much as one Penny in his Pocket, to keep the Devil out ; this makes him stark mad indeed, and his raving Noise was over-heard by some Company in the next Room, that was certain they knew the Voice ; which led one of the Gentlemen, curiously to inquire the cause of such an angry Dispute ; and being inform'd of the whole Matter makes no excuse, but in he goes ; but when he beheld the poor Officer with his Headcloaths off, the Gown dangling on one Arm, and his own Disorder and Confusion at being discovered by one of his intimate Acquaintance, set the Gentleman a laughing in such a violent manner, that any Body might

might reasonably have thought him as mad as the other. This drew the rest of the Company to examine into the Cause, (which was compos'd of several Gentlemen and Ladies) that all knew the Officer, and resolved to share in the Mirth of so odd an Adventure.

When every one had tired themselves with laughing, and ridicul'd the Spark while the Jest began to paul on their Hands, they perswaded the Officer to accept of their Assistance, in paying the Reckoning, and see him safe Home: Where I leave him, and return to our young Heroick Lady; who no sooner came near her House, but she discharges her Coach, to prevent discovery of being betray'd, went through a by-way home; and being curious to see how her Pockets were lin'd, put her Hand in, and draws forth a Nest of near Thirty Pieces of Gold, besides Silver; then examining farther, meets with a Gold Watch, whose string was well furnish'd with Seals Rings, and Locketts, which she lays by, as Trophies of her Victory: The Coat was fine Scarlet richly laced; the Waistcoat and Breeches, of green and gold Silk; a fair long Periwig; a fine Beaver Hat; in all, to the Value of One hundred Pounds. And notwithstanding the Officer made it his Business, by all ways imaginable, to find out his deceiving Mistress, yet with his utmost Diligence he never could set Eyes on her more.

6.

Two Sea-men belonging to the *Britannia* when my Lord Torrington, was Admiral, having received their Year's Pay, were coming for *London*; but put ashore at *Ratcliff*, to see one of their old Landladies, were met by a She-Privateer, of *Blue-Apron-Bay*, which pretending to a familiar Acquaintance with them, must needs have them to a Friend's House of hers, to drink their Welcome home: One of the Seamen would by no means accept of her Kindness; but the other

other finding his Inclinations stirring, whips her under the Arm, and fearless of all Danger, trots on; whilst the other makes the best of his way to his Landlady.

It was not above Four in the Afternoon, when Brother Tarrs parted, and e'er the Close of Day, poor Peel-garlick's Mistress had lightened his Pockets of 15 Pounds; for while he was playing at Hye Gammer Cooks, our She-Pirate had dived, and made a clear Conveyance of all his Money; which our Merchant-Adventurer soon missing, began to make a plaguy Noise; but the Hostess soon let him know, that 'twas to no purpose, neither would she suffer him to scandalize her House without good Satisfaction; and offering to call her Bravadoes and Creatures about her, poor Tar concludes it the safer way to depart in Peace: But being Penniless, is compelled to foot it to his Quarters; and going through the Fields, he meets a Baker with a Bag of Money under his Arm, that he had just received for Corn and Bread.

The Seaman sees this, and calling to mind his own Loss, makes up to the Baker, and tells him, He had a great Occasion for that Money, and must have it; which without any great Resistance, he takes from him, and poizing the Bag in his Hand, tells the Baker, He believes there was more than he wanted, for his Due was but Fifteen Pounds, and he would not have a Farthing more; and telling out just that Sum, gives the Residue to the Baker, and marches his way: The Baker, nevertheless, turns back, and at a Distance follows the Seaman, who was no sooner within *Aldgate*, but a Constable seizes him, and commands him before the next Justice of Peace, where the Baker taxes him with the Robbery, and he confesses it; for which his *Mittimus* is made, and to *Newgate* they send him. From whence he writes a Letter to his Mess-mate before-mention'd, desiring he wou'd come immediately

to him in such a place. The poor Fellow not a little frightened at the word *Newgate*, scowrs to him, and indeed finds his Brother Sailor very sad, with the dismal Apprehensions of being hang'd; and after the first greeting, is made acquainted with the Matter, who, like one of *Job's* Comforters, tells him, Robbing on the Highway would certainly hang him; nevertheless, he would do any thing in the World for him, that was in his Power. All that I desire of you, answers the Prisoner, is to deliver a Letter for me; Ay, that the other would do with all his Heart: But, says the other, 'tis to a huge Great Man. Well, answers he, let him be as big as he will, I'll carry it him. Upon which poor Tar writes a Letter, and to no less Person than the King, and delivering it to his Friend, he goes immediately to *Whitehall*, asking of the Centinel, Whether King *Charles* did not live there, and if he was within, for he had earnest Business with him. The Centinel smiling at the Fellow's Ignorance, told him, Yes, the King did live there, but at that Time was walking in the Park: The Park, cries the Fellow, where's that? Cross the way where you see those Men on Horseback, says the Centinel. What, I warrant you take me for a great Fool indeed, answers the Fellow, to believe a Park can be in a Street of Houses.

However, he tacks about, and inquiring for the King as before, was bid to go on to the Company he saw before him, and in that Croud he would see him. Away scoures the Seaman, and bustling through the Guard, shoving one, and elbowing another, still inquiring for King *Charles*. The Guards seeing such a boisterous Fellow, would have kept him back; but the King (who was always pleas'd with a Jest) seeing the Fellow's Eagerness, gave Orders they should let him alone; which they doing, up he comes to the King, and without Ceremony, asked him, If his Name was King *Charles*, for if it was, he had earnest Business

Business with him, and had got a Letter in his Pocket for him. Yes, the King told him, his Name was so: Then he taking the Letter out of his Pocket, gave it the King, who opened it, and read as follows:

King Charles,

A Subject of thine took from me Fifteen Pounds, upon which I took from another Subject of yours Fifteen Pounds more, for which they have put me into a certain Place called *Newgate*, telling me I must be hanged; therefore if you don't look out sharp, e G—d, you'll lose as able a Seaman as any you have, in three Days Time. Inquire of Admiral *Herbert*, and you'll know farther.

Richard Jones

The King smiling at the Humour, turns himself to the Admiral, who was by, and ask'd him, If he knew that Man? giving him the Letter, which he immediately read, and assur'd his Majesty, they were two as good Seamen as any in the Fleet, however one of them came to be guilty of so great a Misdemeanour. Upon the Commendation the Admiral gave him, and for the Jest's sake, the King bids the Fellow follow him, and going into the Cockpit, calls for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and answers the Letter thus:

Well, Dick,

FOR this once I'll pardon you; but if ever you commit the like again, if you don't look out sharp, e G—d you shall be hang'd in three Days Time.

King Charles.

The King deliver'd this to the Seaman, who with many Thanks and great Joy, hurries with the good News to Dick, where producing the King's Letter,

soon set his Friend at Liberty ; who having so nearly escaped such great Danger, needed not many Arguments to follow the King's Caution for the future.

7.

A young Lady exquisitely beautiful, was courted by an innumerable many Sparks, as caused Despair in most of her admiring Visitants : Nevertheless, her Heart proved not so impregnable to the Assaults of a young neighbouring Gentleman, but that she could hear his Addresses, and at last submit to become a Victim to all-powerful Love, which reign'd in both their Breasts with a reciprocal Flame, and nothing but a Disparity in the Spark's Fortune could have prevented his immediate asking his loving Mistress of her Father: That, and some other Animosities between their Relations, made them resolve on secret Conference, which prov'd but very short-lived ; for some curious Impertinents or other, made it their Business to discover the Lady's Amours to her Father, whose Rage carried him so far, as to have his Daughter immediately convey'd to a remote Place, unknown to any but themselves ; and for a more absolute Prevention of their growing Passion, her Father caus'd it to be given out, that the young Gentleman was suddenly dead ; and for greater Belief of the Matter, contrives to send a Person to her with the News, that she knew to be intimately acquainted with her Lover.

How deplorable and dismal this unexpected News was to the Lady, the sincere experienc'd Lover may guess, and was like to prove of such fatal Consequence, that our young Lady's Life was in Danger, inasmuch, that all Hopes of her Recovery was lost. In the mean Time, that Matters should be effectual, a Letter was feigned, in Imitation of the Lady's Hand, full of Excuses for Absence which she found to be absolutely necessary, not only to shew her Duty to her Father, who she would not by any means dis-

blige, but for her better avoiding his Company, which she now must shun, since she could not have it with Freedom; and therefore bids him Adieu forever.

This Letter was delivered to the Lover, who in the Height of Resentment, resolved to endeavour never seeing her again; and for the Certainty of keeping his Word, he immediately furnishes himself with all Things for Travel, with a Resolution never to return.

'Tis not to be imagined, but on both Sides, this Misfortune was very intolerable; but Absence and Time, the best Remedy for Lovers, dissipated and scattered part of their Grief; and the Lady's Father, understanding he was gone on the Parole, recalls his Daughter from Banishment, so soon as she could with Safety come abroad, after her dangerous Illness. She was no sooner returned home, but her Father imagining one Love would drive out another, oblig'd her to permit the Visits, tho' contrary to her Inclinations, of several Love-making Fops; and amongst the Number, there was a particular Favourite of her Father's, who would take no Denial, but daily solliciting her on one side, and her Father on the other, she was at last, for her own Quiet, forced to marry him.

'Tis true, for three or four Years they lived happily, and the Gentleman loved her tenderly; but as there's no solid Joy, without Intervals of Disquietude, so it proved here; for the Lady's supposed dead Lover in this Time returns, not being able any longer to keep his Word (for 'tis our first Love that ever makes the truest Impression on an amorous Heart) and understanding how far his Mistress was from sending him such a Letter, but on the contrary, he near lost her Life at the News of his supposed Death; then it was he behaved himself like a Man distracted, especially at the visiting her; when he heard her

own Mouth, That had she known he had been alive, no Man on Earth, but himself, should have been her Husband.

This endearing Confession, and his own imaginary Thoughts, of what an inestimable Treasure he had lost, by not staying at home with Patience, plunged him into perfect Madness, and the next Day brought him to his Sick-bed, where he lay raving for some Time, still calling on the Lady, and exclaiming against his own hard Fate. At length, his Friends so far prevail'd on the Lady, as to visit him; which, out of Pity and Generosity, she does, though not without Censure from the unthinking World; who, inquiring into the Cause of his Distemper, and calling to Remembrance their former Passion, made no Scruple of making very scandalous Reflections, which unhappily reach'd the Husband's Ear, who naturally was very credulous, therefore the sooner listened to base Tongues, since it concern'd his Second Self; and by the odd Chymera's of his own Brain, he multiplied to himself a world of Uneasiness; insomuch as to question his Wife's Fidelity; which for his better Information, he parts Beds, without letting her know his Resentments, before he saw what Event there would be of the Business.

The Lady is strangely surprized at her Husband's Behaviour, but not in the least suspecting the Cause, continues her Visits to the sick Gentleman, endeavouring all she could to add to his Recovery, and made no Scruple to assure him, he had still a Share in her Heart, which once was all his own. This tender Acknowledgment wrought in the Gentleman so great a Change, that in less than three Hours, it was apparent to all his Friends and Visitors, who soon concluded, the Alteration proceeded from his Delusion; for afterwards, there was not a Visit she made, but he graciously amended him.

No sooner was he restor'd to perfect Health, but the Lady's Husband fell downright sick with Jealousy, the certain Curse of Wedlock, making no manner of Scruple to call his Wife a thousand Whores, and was so strongly possess'd with the Thoughts of her Dishonesty, that by no means or Intreaties, could prevail upon him to hear the least Plea in her Behalf, but revenged he swore he would be on his Wife and the Gentleman; and accordingly made several Attempts to do it; so that her Relations thought it high Time to advise her to take Care of her self, by not coming near him, while they had used their Endeavours to convince him of his misgrounded Opinion. The Lady follows her Friends Counsel, in hopes her Absence would appease his Rage; but when he saw he was deceived, without asking his Revenge, he ran up and down like a Fury, 'till wearied with his own Passion, he suffers himself to be laid in Bed; where meditating on the Matter, he conceives the only way to act his Hellish Purpose, must be by seeming to own his Folly, and believe those who pleaded in his Wife's Behalf.

This he does by inclining to listen with Attention, to the Intreaties of his Friends, who urged demonstrable Assurances of his Wife's Virtue, with many other Persuasions, that so far prevail'd, as to acknowledge his Error, and if they would intercede with his Wife to come to him again, he would on his Knees beg hers, and the Gentleman's Pardon for the Wrong he had committed; and binding his Promises with Vows and Oaths, his Friends really believe him, and immediately go to fetch the Lady; and at her coming home, our Saint-seeming Devil, prepares a very fine Dinner, inviting his supposed Rival and all his Friends, to rejoyce with him at his happy Reconciliation between his Wife and himself; tho' in the meantime, he had apply'd himself to an Apothecary, one of his intimate Acquaintance, that he thought he might

might safely trust, telling him the whole Circumstance, and unless he had Revenge, he was a dead Man ; and therefore he must prepare a strong Dose of Poyson, that would dispatch them instantly. The Apothecary, after a little pausing, consented to let him have it, on Condition it should never be discovered ; which with strong Imprecations, he assures him never shall ; and immediately returns home, where, after Dinner, he declares to the whole Company, the Wrong he had done his Wife, and the Gentleman present, asking Forgiveness of them both, promising to make ample Amends by his future Behaviour.

And now nothing but a general Joy was seen all round the Table, which made him conclude this a fit Time to act his Villany ; therefore calling for such a Bottle of Wine, he fills out a Brimmer, and drinks to his Wife, wishing from that Moment he may never more offend. The Lady gladly accepts it, and drank to her former Lover. He obligingly pledges her, drinking to the Person that sat next him ; who offering to drink, the Husband snatches the Glass, saying it should go no farther. . Every one admir'd at the Humour, which he soon explain'd, by telling his Friends, His Wife and her Friend deserv'd something better than ordinary to end all Differences on Earth, and send 'em safe to Heaven ; neither did he love them so little, as not to bear them Company ; he therefore immediately ordered them to go to Prayers for a safe Journey, since their Time would be but short here.

The Confusion all the company was in at what he said, is unutterable, plainly understanding he had poysoned them : All Expedition was made for Remedies to expel this deadly Draught, whilst the poor Lady and Gentleman were on their Knees offering up their last Petition, which was to clear their Innocence : Then turning to her Husband, she sincerely declared,

declared, how wrongfully she suffer'd, not but with her last Words she would forgive him: And I, says the Gentleman, on the Words of a sinful Man, protest I never defil'd your Bed, and do believe her as chaste as Vestal Virgins.

Whilst they were thus protesting their Innocence, and bringing the Husband on his Knees to ask Pardon for a triple Murder, in came the Apothecary, and seeing them all in such a Posture, could not refrain laughing; at which the Husband turning his Head, sees the Apothecary, and cries out to have him seized, for he was the Villain that help'd him to do that damn'd Act, by furnishing him with that Hellish Potion to murder the Innocent. Conceit had by this Time so wrought on the Lady and Gentleman, and was so apparent in their Faces, that the Apothecary concluded it Time to discover the whole Matter; and desiring them to rise, declar'd the manner of her Husband's coming to him for Poyson, which if he had deny'd him, he would doubtless have gone to some other Place that might have embraced his wicked Purpose; but to prevent all farther Attempts, I gave him a Dose of no other than harmless Simples, that cannot hurt them.

This Discourse was strangely grateful to the Company, who asking the Lady how she did? she acknowledged she felt no manner of Alteration in herself, neither did the Gentleman. But the Husband confounded at the Discovery of his wicked Plot, and ashamed to breathe after such pernicious Guilt, drew his Sword, and had fallen upon it, but one of his Friends perceiving his Aim, by good luck, closing with him, took it away, and fail'd not of using all his Rhetorick to dissuade him from so unnatural an Attempt, which prov'd so successful, as to appease his Despair, and once more reconcile him to his Wife, and soon after retiring, he sequestred himself two Years from the Enjoyments of the World, exercising himself

himself in all things that plainly exprest his Penitence, and receiv'd a Weekly Penance during his Life; and was by his humble Contrition made happy to the end of his Days.

An old superannuated Colonel of the Militia in *Kent*, that was, for his great Riches, married to a very pretty young innocent Lady of the same County, which he highly rendered, and by the Liberty and Diversions he allow'd her, it might very well be supposed, he intended to make up the Want of his own Insufficiency: Nevertheless, through her often being sent for by her Neighbours, to Groanings and Christnings, where she saw such fine things, and participated of such good Chear, that made her have a mighty Inclination to Ly-in also, that she might make her Friends welcome to her own House in the like nature; whereupon, she lets her Husband know how uneasie she should be, without she had a Child like the rest of her Acquaintance; which he, poor old good-natur'd Gentleman, tells her she should have, and for that time put her off, with assuring her it was only in pity to her Youth, that she had not had a Child all this time. The Lady's Innocency (which indeed was great) prevented her knowledge to the contrary; but imagining, that for certain, it must needs be some very hard thing she was to undergo, to be got with Child, concludes it was absolutely out of love to her, the Colonel did not desire, or go about to get any. These thoughts pacified the Lady, and she soon assumes her pleasant Humour, which continued for some time; but going to make a Visit to a Person of Quality, that chanc'd to fall to pieces whilst she was there; (was, thro' the Child's Illness, oblig'd to Christen immediately) and intercedes with this young Lady to be one the Gossips. The Ceremony being over, and the Company seated at Supper; after the first Course.

Course was served up, and their Mouths a little at liberty, they fell to examining the young Lady, how it came about, that such a likely Lady as she had ne'er a Child? telling her, for certain, the fault was none of hers, and therefore must proceed from some Impediment of her Husband's Age; the Lady modestly excus'd the Colonel and her self, by such pretty harmless Evasions, that caus'd the Company in general to smile at her Innocency, as well as pity his Imbecility; nevertheless, the Lady could not help reflecting on what had been said to her, and at her coming Home, and in Bed, she soon made the Colonel to understand, There would be no peace in *Israel*, unless he got a Child. The Colonel us'd a world of Arguments to dissuade her from so dangerous an Attempt, (as he call'd it) for sure he was, it would certainly kill her; this no way discouraged the Lady, but try she was resolv'd, and a Child she wou'd have. Well then, says the Colonel, since you are so obstinate, come get up, and go down with me into the Hall, which accordingly she does; then down he takes a Suit of old rusty Armour and upon his Wife he puts it, with the Head-piece, and the other Appurtenances, and armed Cap-a-pe as she was, he commands her to mount upon a Joynt-stool, that he set for the same use, and taking a hunting Pole, he tells her, That he must knock her down off from that Stool Three times, and then she would be with Child, tho' indeed he should do it with great Reluctancy, being sure 'twas impossible she could ever go thro' it; however, since 'twas her desire, he would try, and with a good lusty blow, down he knock'd her, and there she lay almost stunned with the Bang, and the closeness of the Armour, while he unlock'd the Head-piece and gave her ease. This was indeed somewhat troublesome, yet venture she would the other bout, and raising her self as before, the Colonel assuming all his Strength, laid,

laid it home to some purpose ; down she came tumbling, Stool and all, and continued for some time without Sense or Motion ; but recovering so much Breath, as to beg the Colonel to uncase her, and help her to Bed, was all she could say at that time : The next Day she could not help expressing her Thanks to the Colonel, for the mighty Care and Love he had shewn her, in taking pity on her Youth, in not attempting to get her with Child, for now she plainly knew she could never bear it, therefore assured him, from this time forward, ne'er to desire a Child more ; and accordingly kept her word, without the least Concern, or shew of Inclination to the contrary.

Not long after, the Colonel fell ill and died, leaving his Lady possessor of his Estate, which soon proved a Bait, that several young Sparks would fain have nibbled at, and gladly have been caught in the Marriage Noose ; but the Lady deaf to all their Prayers, soon silenced all their Pretensions, by letting them know, she intended not to change her Life ; nevertheless, one particular Gentleman would take no Denial, but each Day pursued her with his Love, which at last proved so Fortunate, as to gain her Heart, with an Assurance of Marriage, if he would faithfully promise her one thing, and that was, *Never to attempt to get her with Child* ; this the Gentleman thought a very odd Fancy, nevertheless, to oblige the Lady, (as believing in time, he should divert her from that Humour) did promise to make no attempt in that nature ; whereupon they were espous'd, and the Gentleman, for some time, kept his Promise ; but 'twas not for Flesh and Blood to forbear any longer, therefore, taking her in his Arms and tenderly caressing her, he began to inquire the Cause of her being so inveterate against having Children, and us'd Arguments to dissuade her from it ; She told him 'twas in vain, for none she would have,

have, being sure it would be the Death of her if ever she should try again. The Gentleman (as a Stranger to her Meaning) urges her making trial once more, and then, if she could not bear it, he would never desire it of her again : Well then, says the Lady, since you will take no Denial, come get up then, tho' I am sure 'twill kill me ; Get up, says the Gentleman ! wondring what she meant ; Yes, get up, says she, and go down into the Hall : Which he does, being desirous of finding out her meaning ; and coming to the Armour, she takes it down, saying, Help me on with this : At which the Gentleman stares, believing her mad. Indeed, says the Lady to him, you need have made such a deal ado about a Child, and don't know how to go about getting one ; however, for once I'll shew you ; and so fetching the Stool, and the Hunting-pole, she bids him help her up ; And now, says she, (if I am able to bear it) you must knock me down Three times, and then I shall be with Child. Pray, my Dear, says the Gentleman, who taught you this new-fashion'd way of getting Children ? Why, my Husband, says she, who else do you think should ? And do you know of no other way to do it, says he ? No indeed, replies the Lady, neither do I believe there's any other way ; for if there had, I am sure the Colonel lov'd me so dearly, he wou'd have shewn me. Come, come, cries the Gentleman, (who plainly quest for what Reason the Colonel had so imposed on her) pray come down, and pull off your Armour, and I'll soon instruct you in a much easier Method of getting Children ; and straight carrying her to Bed, gave her to understand 'twas possible for her to bear being knock'd down Three Times, without the Hazard of her Life.

9.

A wild young Spark was link'd to an Old-woman, whom he had marry'd purely for her Money, and therefore made bold (as Opportunity presented) to divert himself abroad; where notwithstanding he had Choice enough, yet (being of a jovial Temper) he desired to have something that he cou'd fancy at home; several Maids they had, of which he liked none, being pretty difficult; but at last his Wife and he happen'd upon one that pleas'd both: The Maid had no Fault, only she lov'd good things; for her Mistress cou'd never lay any thing out of her hands (that was better than ord'nary) but the Maid wou'd besure to taste, which always made the old Mistress very angry, and the Master laugh and excuse the Wench; for he (you must know) intended to have a lick at her *Honey Pot*, for when he attempted to kiss her, she wou'd flounce and go from him. The Spark finding her so very shie, doubted of success, and the more reason he thought he had to fear prevailing, because the Maid oftentimes threatned to tell her Mistress, and that so seriously, that he verily believ'd she did not speak in jest: However, he persists in his Resolution, spares no Pains to gain her, and for that end wou'd frequently lay Sweet-meats in her way, which she never fail'd to be nibbling at. There was likewise in the House a Cask of Canary, which the Maid had heard very much commended, she could not have patience to stay till 'twas broach'd, but had a bankering Mind to taste, which she delays not to gratifie; and finding it pleas'd her Palate, and how comfortable it was, she made bold often to visit it, till it was near exhausted, which the Master at piercing discovers, and wondering what shou'd be the meaning of this low Ebb asks his Wife if she had ever drawn any; but she being as perfectly ignorant as the Master was himself, they fell to examining the Maid; who, poor Creature, is infinitely surpris'd and

and concern'd that they should think so ill a thing of her, vowing she knew no more of the Matter than the Babe that's unborn; the Maid looks so demure and innocent amidst these Protestations, as gains Belief it cou'd not be she, and therefore conclude unanimously all Three of them, that the Vessel was in fault, and that there was a Leak in the Cask. The Master had it fill'd up again, and in a little time 'twas broach'd, which the Maid likes very well, for as often as she went down to draw for her Master and Mistress, she'd be sure not only take a large draught, but likewise fill a Bottle for reserve. The Wine again decreases space, which the Master and Mistress a second time charge the Maid with, and told her, they verily believ'd she must be tardy, and that if ever they did find her at it (since she was so impudent to deny it) she shou'd go before a Justice for her Pains, where they'd have no mercy of her: Notwithstanding all this, the Maid persists, and out-faces the Matter; still the Master watches all Opportunities to accomplish his Ends, and accordingly one day sends her into the Cellar for some Wine, (his Wife being engag'd in some Affairs in the Kitchen), where he follows her, and placing himself close up in a Corner, observes the Maid's Actions, who being loth to break off a good old Custom, when the Pot was full, drank heartily, fills the Pot again, and then her Bottle; which as she was hiding, her Master makes his Appearance; at which the Maid is so terrify'd, that she began to cry out, but he let her know, That that was the immediate way to be undone; nothing could save her but silence, for most certainly her Mistress would have her severely whip'd if she should know it; not but that he was resolv'd to tell his Wife all he had seen. Ah! saith the poor Maid, falling on her Knees, and believing he intended to do as he said, Pray Sir, forgive me, and — And what, saith the sly Master? No, no,

I'll be as hard hearted to you as you have been to me, unless you will— The poor Maid was in more than a Peck of Troubles, which he perceiving, took hold of the Opportunity, and gain'd his desire. In the mean time, the Mistress comes to the Cellar-Door, which he had taken care to fasten, and calling to her Husband, had like to have spoil'd his Diversion; but he resolves not to be bob'd in that manner, and keeps close to the Work in Hand, only answers in some sort of surprize, What is't you want? Why don't you come up, replies the Wife, do you design to dwell in the Cellar? I'm busie, I'm busie, answers he, for I've found the Leak where our Wine went out. Oh I'm glad of that with all my Heart; be sure you stop it tightly, says his Wife. 'Tis that I am doing of, answers he again. Where's the Maid, is she with you? Yes, quoth the Master, she's helping me. That is well, replies the good Wife, pray make haste, but be sure that you stop it well; and away goes Spouse very contentedly, leaving them to finish the Work.

A Pleasant Story of Two Lovers, and of the Bears and a Sack-Poffet.

Philander having been an earnest Suitor to *Sylvia* for her good Will, at last he obtained his Desires to marry her; but before the Time appointed, they had agreed to be Anticipations in the Business, and too too forward in giving one another Benevolences before they were due; for effecting whereof, Time and Place were appointed: *Sylvia* was the first Champion that appeared in the Field. *Philander* met with some good Fellows by the way, that retarded his Appearance to the Court of *Venus*.

Sylvia and her Hostess (having given him over for a lost Man) were once resolv'd to wait his Leisure no longer; but *Sylvia* was willing to spin out a little more Time, and busie her self in making a Sack-

Poffet

Posset against his coming : The Posset was made, but no *Philander* came ; wherefore *Sylvia* takes the Sack-posset, and sets it upon the Cup-board's head, and covers it with a Trencher and a Napkin, and sets the Candle by it, takes her leave of her Hostess, and prepares her self for Bed, putting the Door only too, for fear her Sweet-heart should find any Difficulty in his Approach : Late brought all to Bed that was in the House. But it happened that *Sylvia* was no sooner got into her Bed, but the largest of Three Bears, that a Bear-ward had taken Quarters for in the same Inn, lodging them in a little Stable that happened to be just underneath the Chamber where *Philander* and *Sylvia* had intended to be very Superlative in the Degrees of Happiness : I say, the largest of these Bears, scenting the Steam of the Posset, broke loose, and happened to pull down a whole Pane in the Wall, that opened at the Foot of the Stair-Case that led up to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings : Up Stairs climbs the Bear ; *Sylvia* hearing some body coming up, was in good hopes it had been her Sweet-heart, tho' she thought the Party came up somewhat heavily, and trod more softly than *Philander* was wont to do. [Enter Bear] *Sylvia*, at last, (perceiving so ugly a Creature coming upon all Four, winding with his Nose, and twinkling with his Eyes) sinks down into her Bed ; but durst not cry out for fear she should give the devouring Creature Notice of her being there. Now, the Bear (scenting the Posset) rises up an end, and with his fore Paws, rests upon the Cupboard, and nuzzles the Trencher that covered the Posset off from the Goblet ; and thrusting his Snout into the hot-kept-Liquor, he so burnt his Nose that he made a most fearful Noise ; and endeavouring to leap down, his Nails so stuck in the Cupboard-Cloth, that down comes the Sack-Posset about his Ears, the Candle into his Eyes, which the melted Tallow (with the hot Liquor) had so gotten into, and

and made them so smart, that it caused him to roar, as if all the Devils in Hell had been in the Room: All this while the Bear's Claws were not dis-engaged from the Cupboard Cloth, nor the Cloth from what it covered; so that at last (with the Bear's striving) down comes the great Canopied Cupboard, and all upon the Bear, who labouring to dis-engage himself from the Weight that was upon him (the Candle all this while lying upon the Ground, still blazing) the Bear at last got so near the Flame, that it set all the Hair on the Bear's Back on Fire; whereat the Bear set out a wider Throat than all the Baitings that ever he had could force him to. *Sylvia* (hearing a great deal of Noise besides what the Bear made, and receiv'd no hurt as yet) thought that some body had come in unto her Rescue, and that the Bear roared by reason of their Correction; wherefore she took the Boldness to peep out of Bed; but when she perceived a thing all on Fire, and another thing over it, stirring up and down, she began to be afraid of the Devil more than the Bear; wherefore she flings the Cloaths over her Head again, and lay in a trembling Condition. The Bear (dis-engage'd of his-royl) left roaring, the Candle and the Hair went out, all was quiet; the Bear fell to licking up his Posset all about the Room; but there happened to be so much Sack in the Posset, that the Bear's Brains were intoxicated; who (wanting a place to repose himself) gets upon the Bed, and lays himself down half on, and half off the miserable *Sylvia*. The Bear-wench hearing the Noise, was rising out of his Bed, to know the Cause of their unruliness, but perceiving them to be quiet, went to Bed again.

By this time, *Philander* knocks at the Door; the old Woman asks, who's there? *Philander* crys, 'tis I. Who are you, (said the Hostess?) 'Tis I, *Philander*. don't you know my Voice? You know my Business well enough. Is't you? (said the Hostess) is't you?

time of Night? Well, I come; she slips an old Petticoat over her Shoulders, and comes to the Door, and lets him in, telling him, That he was a fine Man indeed to have a Sweet-heart! Well, well, said *Philander*, get you to Bed, trouble not your self: Where is she? Is she in the Chamber I bespoke? Ay, she's there, says the Hostess, can you find the way in the dark? There's a Light in the Chamber, and a Sack-Posset provided for you. Good-Night, good Night, old Woman, (said *Philander*) and up Stairs he comes, and finds the Door open; he had not advanced Three Steps into the Room, but with the Slipperiness of the Boards, by reason of the Sack-Posset, down comes *Philander* all along; up again he gets upon his Legs, and having made one Step towards the Bed, over the Cupboard comes poor *Philander*, and breaks both his Elbows; he lies still a while, and asks, Where am I? what have we here? At last he gets up, and was resolved to order his Steps more warily; at length he lays Hands upon one of the Bed-posts, then he thought himself safe enough; when, behold! falling down upon the Bed, to take his Mistress in his Arms, he imbraced the Bear; who being awakened with his Kindness, roared him forth such a Curtain Lecture, as amazed the Amorous Lover, so that (forgetting the stumbling Block that lay in way) he breaks his Shins against the Cupboard, and over and over he tumbles: In which Agony (mistaking his way in the Dark, at the bottom of the Stairs) instead of going out at the Door, he runs into the broken place of the Wall that the Bear had made, and so tumbles upon the other two: Ba-a cries one of the Bears; Ba-a ba-a, cry the other two. *Philander* imagining no less but that, flying from one, he had fallen into Hell amongst all the Devils; scrambles from between them, and so recovers his Feet, but durst not make any other use of them than standing upon them; 'till at last the Bears unruliness made

him venture farther off the Danger; so that he got close to the Manger, then he knew where he was; up he gets into it, and from thence up into the Rack.

The Bear-ward (having a second Alarm) riseth out of his Bed, and came to see what was the matter, where he soon espied one of his Bears missing, and the Wall broke down, where she had got out. Presently he raiseth the House, saying, He was undone, one of his Bears was broken loose, and was got away. Up they all rise, unchain the Dogs, search for the Bear, enter the Stable, see where the Bear broke out, which whilst they were viewing, they could hear a Voice from the Rack-side, saying, Do you hear? Do you hear? I know where your Bear is, with a Fox to you. They looked up and seeing *Philander* among the Rack-staves, they asked him, Where? Where! says *Philander*, look that your Bears be safe, and I'll come down and shew you. They securing him from all Danger, he descends from his Pallisadoes, and directs them up into his Mistress's Chamber, giving the Bear-ward and the Dogs leave to go before him; who finds the Bear fast asleep in *Philander's* Place, so that with much Convenience, they get the String into the Ring, and pulled the Bear from off the Bed.

Philander turning down the Bed to see what was become of his Sweet-heart, there ascended such a Wreak of Bak'd and Boil'd, and Stew'd and Roast-Meat, that his Stomach was quite turned. She cries out to him, *Philander, begone, get thee hence; thou comest not near me; I will have nothing to do with you; 'e'en stay the Time.* So they both concluded to wait 'till the Day of Marriage.

A Pleasant History of Two Friars, John and Richard, both of a famous Abbey in the City of Norwich, in the Reign of King Henry the Fifth.

A Knight, both of Fame and Memory, whose Name is still upon Record, having personally waited upon King Henry the Fifth in all his Wars in France, after the King had both conquered and quieted the Land, retired himself into his Country. He had a Lady that was of such Beauty, that she attracted the Eyes of all Beholders, with no common Admiration, who with her Husband residing in the City of Norwich, he, after so many Troubles and Torments, purposed a more sequestred Life, and, next to the Solace he had in the Beauty and Virtue of his Wife, to take a Course merely Contemplative; and resolved, out of the Abundance of his Wealth, to do some pious Deeds for the sake of his Soul. He therefore erected in the City, and near the Place where his House stood, a goodly Church at his own Charge, and betwixt them a Religious House that entertained Twelve Fryars and an Abbot, allowing them the Means competent for so small a Brotherhood.

In this Convent were two Fryars, the one named John, and the other Richard, who were at continual Enmity, which by no Mediation could be truly reconciled. It was the Custom of the Knight and his Lady daily to rise to Morning Mattins, and she being affable and courteous to all, it bred a strange uncivil Boldness in Fryar John, for she never came thro' the Cloister, but he was still with Bows and Cringes attending her; which she, suspecting nothing, simply, with modest Smiles, returned Thanks to him again; which grew so palpable in the Fryar, that, as far as they durst, it was whisper'd in the Convent.

In short, after these Encouragements, as he construed them, it bred in him that Impudence, that he presumed to write a Letter to her, in which he laid open a great deal of more than necessary Love. This Letter with great Difficulty came to her Hand; at which the Lady astonished, as not dreaming that such Lewdness should come from one that professed Chastity, and not knowing whether it might be, a Trick contrived by her Husband, to make Tryal of her Chastity, lest her Honour should be any way called in question, she thought it her best and safest Course to shew the Letter to her Husband; of which he had no sooner took a View, but he began to repent him of his former Charity, in regard of their so great Ingratitude; and to revenge the Wrong, he causes an Answer to be returned, to which she set her Hand, intimating, That she was greatly compassionate of his Love, and that such a Night her Husband being to ride towards *London*, he should be admitted, lodg'd and entertained according to his own Desires.

This Letter was sealed, closely sent, and received by the Fryar with Joy unspeakable. Against the Night, he provides him clean Linen, a perfumed Night-Cap, and other Necessaries; he keeps his Time, observes the Place, is admitted by her self without Witness, and so conveyed into a close Chamber; where he was no sooner entered, but in comes the Knight with his Man, and in great Fury, without giving him the least Time either to call for Help to the House or to Heaven, strangled the poor Fryar, and laid him dead upon the Ground.

The Deed was no sooner done, and his Rage somewhat appeased, but he began to enter into Consideration of the Foulness of the Fact, and Heinousness of the Murther, withal the strict Penalty of the Law due for such an Offence, which would be no less than Forfeiture of Life and Estate; and now he

gins to ponder with himself how to prevent the last, which might give him further Leisure to repeat the first. At last it came into his Mind, to have his Body, by some means or other, conveyed back into the Monastery, which being divided from his House only with a Brick-wall, might be done without any great Difficulty. This was no sooner motioned, but instantly his Man remembers him of a Ladder in the Back-yard fit for the purpose. In short they both lay Hands to the Body, and the Man with the Fryar on his Back, mounts the Ladder, and sits with him astride upon the Wall, then drawing up the Ladder to the contrary side, descends with him down into the Monastery; where spying the House of Office, he set him upon the same as upright as he could, there leaves him, and conveys himself again over the Wall, but for haste forgot the Ladder; and so delivers to his Master how and where he had bestowed the Fryar, at which being better comforted, they betook themselves both to their Rest; all this being concealed, as well from the Lady as the rest of the Household, who were in the Depth of their Sleep.

It happen'd at the same Instant, that Fryar *Richard* being much troubled with a Looseness in his Body, had Occasion to rise in the Night, and being somewhat hastily and unhandisomely taken, makes what speed he can to the House of Office; but by the Light of the Moon discerning some one before him, whilst he could and was able, he contained himself; but finding there was no Remedy, he first called, and then intreated to come away; but hearing no body answer, he imagined it to be done on purpose, the rather, because approaching the Place somewhat nearer, he might plainly perceive it was Fryar *Jabn*, his old Adversary, who the louder he called, seemed the less to hear. Loth he was to play the Sloven in the Yard, the rather because the whole Convent had taken Notice of a Cold he had lately got, and how it

then wrought with him ; therefore thinking this counterfeit Deafness to be done on purpose and spite, to make him ashamed of himself, he snatch'd up a Brick-bat to be revenged, and hitting his Adversary full upon the Breast, down tumbles Fryar *John*, without Life or Motion ; which he seeing, thought at first to raise him up, but after many Tryals, finding him to be stone-dead, verily believes that he had slain him. What shall he now do ? The Gates are fast lock'd, and flee he cannot : but as sudden Extremities impress in Men as sudden Shifts, so he espying the Ladder, presently apprehends what had been whispered of Fryar *John's* Love to the Knight's Lady, and lifting him upon his Shoulders, by the Help of the same Ladder, carries him into the Porch of the Knight's-Hall, and there sets him, and so privately conveys himself back into the Monastery the same way he came, not so much as suspected of any.

In the Interim, whilst this was done, the Knight being perplexed and troubled in Conscience, could by no means sleep, but calls up his Man, and bids him go listen about the Walls of the Monastery, if he can hear any Noise or Uproar about the Murther. Forth goes he from his Master's Chamber, and having past the length of the Hall, purposing to go thro' the Yard, finds Fryar *John* sitting upright in the Porch. He starting at the Sight, runs back affrighted, and almost distracted, and, scarce able to speak, brings this News to his Master ; who no less astonished, could not believe it to be so, but rather his Man's Fantasie, 'till himself went down, and became Eye-Witness of the strange Object.

Then greatly despairing, he reflects within himself, that Murther is one of the crying Sins, and such a one as cannot be concealed ; yet recollecting his Spirits, he purposeth to make Tryal of a desperate Adventure, and put the Discovery thereof to Accident. He remembers an old Stallion, then in his Stable,

Stable, one of those he had used in the *French Wars*, and withal a rusty Armour hanging in his Armory; he commands both instantly to be brought with strong new Cords, a Case of rusty Pistols, and a Launce. The Horse is saddled and caparison'd, the Armour put upon the Fryar, and he fast bound in the Seat, the Launce tyed to his Wrist, and the lower end put into the Rest, his Head piece clasped on, and his Beaver up, the Skirts of his grey Gown serve for Bases; and thus accoutred, like a Knight completely armed *Cap-a-pe*, they purpose to turn him out of the Gates, he and his Horse, without any Page or Esquire, to try a new Adventure.

Whilst these Things were thus in sitting, Fryar *Richard* in the Monastery, was no less perplex'd in Conscience than the Knight, and casting all Doubts, still dreading the Strictness of the Law, summons all his Wits about him to prevent the worst: At length concludes, that it is his best and safest way to flee; he remembers withal, that there was belonging to the Fryary a Mare, imploy'd to carry Corn to and fro from the Mill, which was half a Mile from the Monastery, and therefore misdoubting his own Footman'ship, being somewhat fat, he thinks it the safer Course to trust to four Legs than two. He therefore calls up the Baker that had the Charge of the Beast, and tells him, He understands there was Meal that Morning to be fetch'd from the Mill, which was grinded by that time; therefore if he would let him have the Mare, he would, it being now Night, save him that Labour, and bring it back before Morning.

The Fellow willing to spare so much Pains, caused the Gate to be opened. The Fryar gets up, and rides out of the Monastery Gate, just at the Instant when the Knight and his Man had turned out the Fryar on Horseback to seek his Fortune. The Horse presently scents the Mare, and after her he gallops.

Fryar *Richard* looking back, was amazed to have an armed Knight pursue him, and by the Moon-light perceiv^{ing} it was the Fryar armed (for he might discern his Face partly by the Moon, and partly by the Break of the Day, his Beaver being up) away flies he, and takes thro' the Streets; after him (or rather the Mare) speeds the Horse. Great Noise was in the City, insomuch, that many awaking out of their Sleep and Morning Rests, look'd out from their Windows.

At length, it was Fryar *Richard's* ill Fate to take into a Turn-again-Lane, that had no Passage thro'; there Fryar *John* overtakes him: the Horse mounts the Mare, and with his violent Motion, the rotten and rusty Armour makes a terrible Noise. Fryar *Richard's* burthened Conscience now oppresses him; he clamours out aloud for Help, and withal cries, *Guilty of the Murder!* At the Noise of Murther, the People being amazed, run out of their Beds into the Streets. They apprehend Miracles, and he confesses Wonders; but withal, that barbarous and inhumane Fact, to murder one of his Convent. The Grudge that was betwixt them is known, and the apparent Justice of Heaven the rather believed: Fryar *John* is dismounted, and sent to his Grave, Fryar *Richard* to Prison; he is arraigned, and in process, by his own Confession, condemned. But before the Execution, the Knight knowing his own Guilt, posts instantly to the King, makes a voluntary Confession, and hath his Life and Goods (for his former good Service) pardoned him: Fryar *Richard* is released, and the Accident remains still recorded.

*A Pleasant Story of the Unhappy Counterfeit, or
Fortunate Gipsy.*

A Gentleman, who had been formerly a Merchant in the City of London, and acquired a considerable Estate, withdrew into the Country; having spent his younger Years in the Noise and Hurry of Business, resolved now to enjoy the Fruits of his Labours in quiet; and having a fair House in the Country, he inclined to fix there: But that he might not be out of all Concern of Business in the World, he still kept some Ventures abroad, which he called the poor Stock. This Gentleman at his Death, left one only Child, a Daughter, call'd *Christiana*, to whom he gave a very great Fortune, and committed the Care of her Person, and Management of her Estate, to two Gentlemen her Guardians. She was now about eight Years old, when she desired she might go see her Uncle, a Gentleman of fair Reputation and good Estate in the Country, which they granted, and sent her over, attended with two Servants. After she had been there a Month, her Uncle, who was a passionate Man, catching her in some Fault, threatned to whip her; she farther provoking him with some scurvy Reply, he did so, at which time, as she cried out, she was heard to say by some of the Neighbours, *O pray Uncle, don't kill me*, which neither he nor any of the Family took much Notice of at that time. The next Morning early she stole out of the House, and after she had wandered some Hours, not knowing whither to go, met with a Company of Gipsies, who took her up, made much of her, changing her Cloaths, and staining her Complexion. brought her with them in few Days to London; and from thence went their Rounds into the Country. The Uncle missing his Niece the next Day, made all possible Enquiry after her, but could not receive any Account of her. He next sent to

her Guardians to know if ſhe was returned home, but meeting with no Satisfaction, concluded, that ſome young Gentleman, who knew ſhe would be a great Fortune, had ſtolen her. This the Guardians believed too; till ſome of the Neighbours, at a Goffiping, were heard to ſay, That the Night before the Child was miſſing, they obſerved, ſhe cried out lamentably, *Pray Uncle, don't kill me*; of which the Guardians were informed, and conſidered it as an odd Circumſtance to happen juſt the Night before; and asked theſe goſſiping Women if they could ſafely take their Oaths of it, And would do ſo before a Magiſtrate? Who ſaid, Yes, it was all true, and nothing but the Truth. After ſome Deliberation, they acquainted the Uncle what his Neighbours ſaid, and how nearly it touched his Reputation now, and might his Life hereafter, if his Niece were not found. Upon this, all the Ponds and Rivers were ſearched, and a conſiderable Reward promiſed to any Perſon that could give any Account of her dead or alive. No News being heard of her, the Neighbours began to grumble, and ſaid, That the Guardians and Uncle had complotted to murder the Child, and ſhare her Eſtate: This being now grown a publick Diſcourſe in the Country, to the great Diſadvantage of their Reputations, the Guardians reſolved to proſecute the Uncle as far as the Law directed them. Accordingly they went, and ſent for him to a Gentleman's Houſe, who was a Juſtice of Peace: Being all together, the Guardians complained to the Juſtice of this Report, and deſired him that he would take Cogniſtance of it, as far as the Law required. The Juſtice ſent for the Witneſſes, who ſwore poſitively, that the immediate Night before ſhe was miſſing, they heard her cry out with a lamentable Voice, *Pray Uncle, don't kill me*. Upon which, the Juſtice bound the Uncle in a Recognizance of Two Thouſand Pounds to appear at the next Aſſizes, and the Guardians

dians in a Bond of Five Hundred Pounds to prosecute the Uncle. He, in his tedious Search after his Niece *Christiana*, finds a poor Man's Daughter in another Country, who both in Age, Features, and Complexion, so much resembled her, that at first sight he thought she had been really the same. Now, says he to himself, if I can get this Girl of her Parents, and dress her in the same Habit *Christiana* wore, she will appear to be the very same; nor have I any other Course but this to save my Life; he accordingly did so, and for a Sum of Money bought the Girl of her poor Relations, and diligently instructed her in the Part she was to act. A Day or two before the Assizes, he gave out he had, by great Fortune, found his Niece, brings her Home to his House, with her real Father and Mother, who gave a satisfactory Account to all Persons how accidentally they found her in a Wood almost starved. The Girl owned how she stole away for fear her Uncle should whip her again, as he threatened. All which Romance hung so well together, that the Guardians believed her the same, and no body questioned the Truth. At the Assizes he was called to appear, which accordingly he did; the Judge asked him for his Niece *Christiana*, if she was found yet? Yes, my Lord, says the Gentleman, she's in Court; Very well, says the Judge, produce her, and bid the Guardians appear; accordingly they did, and the Counterfeit *Christiana*. Are you satisfied, says the Judge to the Guardians, that this is your Pupil, the Daughter of Mr. ---, with whom you were left in Trust? Yes, my Lord, said the Guardians: After a farther Account how she was found, the Judge ordered their Recognizance should be withdrawn, and the Uncle discharged: It happened that *Christiana's* Nurse, who was in Court about other Business, hearing what a Bustle had been made about her young Mistress, and that she was found again, as they came out of the Court.

Court, crouded to see her, and looking full upon her, believed it to be the same; but the Girl not taking Notice of her, she cried out, O Mistress, don't you know me? Upon which, she answer'd presently, No; What, says she, don't you know your old Nurse? I am sure you are not the same then; upon this the Girl was startled: The Guardians made a stop, and asked her how she came to forget her Nurse so soon? She not giving a present Answer, they began to suspect something, and brought her again into Court, and Nurse with her. The old Woman said, She did believe she had been the same at first, but upon review, she much questioned it; but if it was her Mistress, she had a Scar upon her left Arm above the Elbow. The Judge ordered they should look upon her Arm, which they did, and reported, There was no Scar above, but one below the Elbow; upon this it was generally believed she was the same, and all Things set to right again. However, the Judge seemed more dissatisfied than before, ordered the Uncle to withdraw, and examined the Girl, and afterwards the Man apart, who said, he found her in a Wood; when he examined the Woman; but the Judge observed they all disagreed in one Point or other; at length by crossing the Account of the Man and Wife, and considering that *Christians* must needs have remembered her Nurse, it not being a Twelve-month since she saw her, and particularly knew her, the Judge concluded it was yet a Cheat, which the Woman, for fear of Punishment, first confest, and then her Husband owned it, and lastly the Girl; they proved the Receipt of so much Money at such a Time, by several Neighbours, who had known this Girl for five or six Years together, and that she was looked upon as their own Child, and always lived with them. Upon this Discovery, an Indictment was preferred against the Uncle, for the Murder of his

his Neece *Christiana* ; and he having no Proof to clear himself by, he was condemned to be hanged, and within a Week after was executed. It fortun'd about Nine Years after, at the Summer Assizes at *Nottingham*, two young Gentlemen, who were lately called to the Bar, whereof the Judge's Son was one, walking out early one Morning in the Fields, they saw a whole Covey of Gypsies under a Hedge ; when they came near to them, Two of them step'd out, and in their Cant, told them a great deal of good Fortune, by looking into their Hands, as they pretended : Upon which one Gentleman threw them a Shilling, the other called them idle Whores, and said, They deserved to be whipped for publick Cheats : Upon which one of them, a tall black Girl told him, he ought not to despise a Gipsie, for he should marry one before he was three Months older, at which the Gentleman fell a laughing. When they came home, one of them mist his Gold Watch, and another had lost all his Money. They began to be angry to be thus cheated, and getting a Constable very luckily, met with these two going off another way ; they charged them with the Watch and Money, which they as peremptorily denied : Upon this the Constable brought them along to the open Court, which was then sitting. Upon Examination they deny'd the Fact, nor could they upon search find either about them. However, the Judge order'd them to be soundly whipp'd for Vagrants ; as the Constable was taking them away, the Gentleman who was the Judge's Son, call'd out jocosely to the Constable, Pray favour the Black Woman, for she tells me, I shall marry a Gypsie within these three Months ; which his Father over-hearing, call'd them back again, and asked them, How long they had pretended to telling of Fortunes ? I thought says the Judge, all your Trade had been picking of Pockets ; No, and please you my Lord, says the

Black

Black Woman, my Profession is only telling of Fortunes. I never understood, nor practised such unlawful Arts; at which the whole Court laughed heartily. My Lord then asked, What Country-Woman she was? To which she answered, She thought *Hartfordshire*; then he asked, If she was born a Gipsie? She said no, but she was as good, for she had been Nine Years Apprentice to a Gipsie; at which he ask'd her, If she had e'er a Christian Name? Yes, my Lord, says she, I think so, for my Name is *Christiana*. The Judge hearing the Name *Christiana*, recollected himself, and remembered the Story of the Gentleman, who was by him condemned for murdering his Niece of that Name; he then asked her, If she had ever been in *Essex*, or had any Relations there? She said, Not since she was very young, which was at the Time she met with the Gipsies at first, and then she had an Uncle there, who used her very hardly, and so she ran away from him, and was never there since, nor never enquired after him. Upon this he concluded that she was the same Person, and called to the Constable, and bid him carry them home to his own House, and entertain them there till the Court was up.

The whole Court at this began to wonder; nor did they spare telling the young Gentleman, that he ought they knew, it might be his Fortune to marry a Gypsie, if this young Woman should prove to be a Person of Quality and Estate; which fell out even so; for the Assizes being over, the Judge, who had a Seat in *Hartfordshire*, and had known her rather formerly, brought her up in his Coach, and presented her to the Guardians; who owned her to be the same Person, which the Nurse and all her surviving Relations confirmed. At the same time, the Lordship, who knew her to be a very great Fortune, proposed a Match between his Son and her, which she frankly consented to, and was presently solemnized.

Aplia.

A pleasant Story of Two Constant Lovers.

IN the Reign of King *James*, lived a rich Citizen, who had but one Daughter, which was tolerably handsome, and was entirely beloved by a Country young Gentleman, of a mean Estate; having gained the young Gentlewoman's Consent, he acquainted her Parents with the Love he bore their Daughter; who no sooner heard it, but were in a great Passion, their Ambition judging him too mean a Fortune, and therefore not only refused his Offer, but uncivilly forbade him the House, saying moreover, That if it should be their Misfortune, and his imaginary Happiness to steal a Marriage, and rob them of their Daughter, he would never give them a Farthing. He obeyed their Commands in that, but resolved notwithstanding, that he would see his Mistress whatever come on't: Love soon found out a way to effect it, at which Interview he told her what had past between him and her Parents, and the Refusal of the Match proposed; she seemed exceeding troubled thereat, and wept bitterly; the other to comfort her, swore, That if she would be constant, he would never forsake her; and to shew the Reality and Integrity of his Affection, offer'd to marry her immediately. She consented; and being married with all convenient speed, he performed the Rites of *Hymen*, and sent her home to her Father's House, desiring her not to take any Notice of what had past; and since the Time of their being together was so short, the Old ones could not suspect any thing.

A few Days after, this new married Gentleman got his (supposed Maiden) Wife into his Company, and having repeated his former Delights, he told her, he would go into the Country, giving her Directions where to send to him, and that if she proved with Child, and her Parents should discover it, as that they would quickly do, that then she should
dissemble

dissemble the greatest Grief imaginable, and when pressed very much to discover the Father, she should then confess it was such a one, who had formerly made Love to her, but her Parents would not accept of the Motion; as for the rest, said he, leave the whole Management to me.

Upon this they parted, and she proved with Child according to Expectation. The Mother perceiving the frequent Pewkings of her Daughter, with the Swelling of her Belly, took her into a private Place, and there conjured her to tell the naked Truth, Whether she was not with Child? The Daughter with many Sighs and Tears, confessed that she was, and that such a Gentleman living in the Country had done it: The Mother, like a Woman distracted, first locked up her Daughter, and then ran to her Husband, and calling him aside, told him the Shame and Infamy that had befallen his Family, and by whom. This unexpected News made him ten times madder than his Wife; but at length they both concluded that it was but a Folly, either to rave or rail at their Daughter; but to study some Means to solder up the Crack of their Daughter's Honour. No better Expedient was thought on, but to write to the Gentleman, and acquaint him with what he had done, requiring Satisfaction; this Letter was sent, and another returned by him in answer, to this Effect, *That it is true he had lain with their Daughter, but he knew not whether he had got her with Child, for she that can dispence with being a Whore to one, will be so to another.* In short, he concluded that he had no more to say than this, *That if she would be so impudent, to lay the Child to him, he must maintain it, but as for her part he had nothing to say to her, for he had already over-paid her, that little Pleasure he had purchased of her.*

This Return netled them to the Heart; they shew'd it to their Daughter, with all the Opprobriums that
can

can be uttered. The poor young Woman replied not a Word, ſupplying her Speech with nought but Sighs and Tears. The old People grieved at this, ſent down a milder Letter, requeſting the Favour, that he would be pleaſed to come up to *London*, for they had ſome Buſineſs extraordinary with him, tending much to his Advantage. He ſent them word, That he had extraordinary Buſineſs where he was, and that he neither could, nor would ſtir from it. As the Belly ſwell'd, ſo did their Sorrow, fearing there was no remedying the Cauſe thereof.

Upon another Conſultation, the Daughter told her Father, that before ever ſhe conſented, he promiſed her Marriage : This made the old Gentleman caper ; Nay then, ſaid he, we are all well enough ; immediately calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, he wrote another Letter, charging the Gentleman home with his Promiſe, ſometimes threatening him, if he made it not good, and then ſweetning him again, &c. beſeeching him to make a Journey up. The Gentleman (ſeeing it high time to condeſcend to what he moſt deſired), ſent Word, by ſuch a Day he would, if in Health, infallibly be in *London*, to no other End, than to underſtand his Will and Pleaſure. The Gentleman is as good as his Word, a ſtately Dinner is provided with Plenty of Wine, and the Cloth being taken away, there was no other Diſcourſe, than how to ſalve up their Daughter's Credit by a ſpeedy Marriage, and as an Encouragement, they would give him a Thouſand Pounds : He ſlighted it, alledging further (with a Sir-reverence to all the Company), he would never ſh--- in his own Hat, and then clap it on his Head ; as they advanced, he more and more ſlights their Propoſals, ſaying, That an Eſtate of two hundred a Year, deſerved a greater Portion ; at length they offered him two Thouſand Pounds, to be paid immediately ; he accepts of it, with this *Proviſo*, that upon the Birth of the Child
their

their Daughter now goes with, there shall be paid more, Five hundred pounds : It is agreed to, and the Parents were so eager and sollicitous in the Preservation of the Honour of their Family, that they would needs have the Marriage consummated immediately ; the Country-Gentleman agreed thereunto, and presently sent away for the same Parson that married them ; who being desired to join those two in Matrimony ; he smiled, and said, Sir. That is needless, for I have done it already ; How ! said the old Gentleman. 'Tis very true, replied the Son-in-Law, and for Confirmation, see here the Certificate before your Daughter was with Child ; and so she is no Whore, but my honest Wife. Nay then, said the old Gentleman, I see I am gulled ; but since it is no worse, and that our Family is not defamed, I will make the odd Five Hundred a Thousand Pounds, and so God bless you together.

A Pleasant Story of a Baker's Wife, and a French Monsieur.

A French Man not long since took a Lodging near a Baker, who, tho' poor, yet was very rich in having so handsome a Woman to his Wife, who was never blemished in her Reputation by any light Deportment. This French-man presently had her in his Eye, and courted her importunately and expensively, but to no Purpose ; Treats proving ineffectual, he offered her Fifty Guineas, if she would permit him to lie with her all Night ; she refused it ; but privately told her Husband what Monsieur had offered her, and upon what Account : The Baker scratch'd his Head, not knowing what to do ; Poverty perswaded on the one Side, and Love hindred on the other from accepting this Proffer ; at length, said he, Dearest, there is a way to be thought on to save thy Chastity, and yet we will have his Money, and that is thus : I will pretend to go out of Town
such

such a Day, then do you upon the Condition afore-
 said, promise Monsieur his Satisfaction the Night
 following ; in the mean time, you know, *Tom* -----
 the Cobler, a stout Fellow, him will I engage with
 five Pounds to assist me, we will have each of us a
 good broad Sword, and thus armed, we will creep
 underneath your Bed, and when the French-man hath
 paid you the Gold (which you must have first) and
 he is just going to Bed, we will crawl out and sur-
 prize him. It was generally agreed, and Monsieur
 had Notice of the Assignment, who, though he un-
 derstood that the Husband was gone out of Town,
 yet he feared an Ambuscado, and therefore carried
 a brace of Pistols with him, besides a good Rapier.
 Ent'ring the Room, he caressed her, *A-la-mode de*
France, and being very fiery, he could suffer no De-
 lays ; but giving her the Gold, ordered her to make
 what hast she could to Bed, and he would follow
 after. In the first Place he drew out his Pistols, and
 laid them by him, and then undrest himself ; seeing
 her in Bed. he takes up his Sword, and Pistols, and
 advanceth towards her ; the seeing him in that Po-
 sture, ask'd him, what he meant ? *Noting, Madam, of*
harm, only me love to have all de Arms, me Sword by mee
Side, me Pistols in mee Haunds, and de Dagger before,
when mee go to take a Cittadel or Fort ; and laying
 down his Sword by his Bed-side, he skipt into the
 Bed with his Pistols, and laid them over her Head.
 Not to lose Time, he stormed the Fort, and took it,
 and notwithstanding he was several times beaten out
 of the Breach made in the Assault, yet he boldly
 enter'd again, and took Possession. The poor Cuc-
 kold, and the Cobler, (who lay underneath the Bed)
 could not but hear what was doing above, yet durst
 not stir for their Lives, nay, not so much as whisper,
 for fear of being heard : Monsieur having gone thro'
 stretch with his Work, and tired to boot, capt out of
 the Bed with his Pistols, and taking up his Sword,
 went

went to the farther end of the Room, and drest himself: having so done, he calls to his reeking Miss, bidding her to come to him; she excused her self, saying, She was in a great Sweat, and might catch her Death thereby; but seeing Monsieur grow resolute, she obeyed. Monsieur clapt a Pistol to her Breast, saying, *Begar Mrs. Bish. Fox, give me my Gold, Begar, if you will not ---- for Love, begar you shall never have my Money;* and so taking the Guineas from her, went couragiously down the Stairs to his Lodging.

Monsieur being gone, out crawls the cowardly Cobler, and the cuckoldly Coward, each blaming one another, and both the Woman; What would you have me to do, quoth she, since he lay a-top of me? and what would you have us to do, say they, since you both lay a-top of us? Well, Husband, all that I can say, is, by this covetous Stratagem of yours, you have made me a Whore, proved that mighty Man your Friend a rank Coward, and your self an unpardonable Cuckold.

A Repartee.

A Chaplain to a Nobleman, and a Gentleman who had been his Page, but prefer'd to a Commission in the Army, happen'd to be together in the Family with my Lady's Woman and another Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance, and in their jocular Talk, the young Doctor happen'd to be pretty free with the Captain, and told him, *He had heard it was an Ingenious Gentleman's Observation, That Women are to be taken as they catch Mackerel; 'tis but baiting your Hook with a piece of Red-Cloth, and you have them presently.* Nay, Doctor, says the Captain, I am sure that won't hold good in all Cases, for some Women like Black Cloth much better, and that's the Reason why the Devil when he has a mind to trapan a Lady's Woman or a Chamber-Maid, always baits his Hook with a Chaplain.

Another

Another Repartee.

A Fat Corpulent Gentleman happen'd to court a very nice Lady, in order to make her his Wife, who at last very plainly told him, She could by no means like him, because he had so great a Belly. *Ads Flejb, Madam,* says he, *if it were but an Inch less, the Handle would be too big for it.* *Ads, Madam,* had you that belonging to your Belly, *Ads, I have belonging to mine,* it would soon make you a great deal bigger. Upon the good Hope of which, he recanted her Denial, and afterwards married her.

The Grateful Lady.

A Lady of the Town happen'd to be in Company with Four Gentlemen who were intimate Acquaintance; and she being both a pretty and a witty Woman, they were innocently diverting themselves with an Hour of her Conversation. As they were thus delighting their Senses with the Three principal Satisfactions of this Life, *Wit, Wine, and Beauty,* one Gentleman was exercising his Faculties in very extravagant Commendations of her pretty Mouth; another expressed abundance of Flatteries on her sparkling Eyes; a third extolled the true Proportion of her Nose; and the fourth deliver'd bluntly his Opinion of her being an incomparable Bottom. Well, Gentlemen, says the Lady, I am very much obliged to you all for your kind Compliments; and as for you, Sir, who seem so to admire my Lips, I can do no less in Requital, than say, A Kiss is at your Service: And as for you, Sir, who dote so much upon my Eyes, the best of my kind Looks is the best Return I can make you: And as for the Admirer of my Nose, I know not how to retaliate your Flattery, but by admitting you Partner in my Smell, which I keep on purpose to oblige that Member.

and there she stop'd, as if she had intended to proceed no further. Upon which the fourth Gentleman began to inquire, What Return she had in respect for him, who admir'd her for a Bedfellow? To which she readily replyed, Why truly, Sir, I must confess for your Recompence, I think the least that you deserve, is my Heart, my Bumfiddle, and all its Appurtenances.

*He that doats only on a Woman's Face,
And values not the Charms of t'other Place,
May gratifie himself with what he sees,
But very rarely will his Mistress please;
Whilst he that loves her for the Cause unseen,
Shall gain her Heart, and all her Favours win.*

The Cowardly Courtier.

A Gentleman of small Fortune, had insinuated himself into the Favour of a very rich Heiress, infomuch that the Night was appointed for her making her Escape from her Father's House, which could be done no other way, but by leaping out of a Window about Nine Foot from the Ground. Exactly at the Time prefix'd, the Gentleman stood ready with a panting Heart, divided betwixt Hope and Fear, expecting every Minute when the fair Object of his Love should open her glaz'd Sally-port, out of which she had promised to leap into her Courtier's Arms. After a little waiting, she came; but when she had open'd the Window, and was just going to take her Leap, her Heart failed her, by reason of the Height, upon which she told him in a low Voice, She was fearful to jump down, lest she should break a Leg or an Arm; and therefore desired him, by some means or other, to procure a Ladder, and she would wait his Return. Her naming a Ladder, put him in mind of a Rope, and brought into his Head the unhappy Case of Sir John Johnson, upon which he replyed

Truly, Madam, I have a little better conſider'd of the Matter, and ſince you don't think it worth your while to hazard a Leg or an Arm for my ſake, I ſhall be careful how I venture my Neck for yours; and ſo good Night to you. -

*Thus Love grows cool when Fear's predominant,
Which makes kind Beauty chuſe a Bold Gallant.
The Fair ſeek Courage, which is now grown ſcarce,
Venus, in Scorn to Cowards, loves a Mars.*

The Pawn-broker in the Cole-Pit.

AN Uſurer in London having by his ill-got Pounds purchaſed an Eſtate ſomewhere about *Newcaſtle*, and having a great Curioſity to view the Premises, took a Journey on purpoſe to gratifie his Deſires with the Sight of his new Territories; but when he was near his Journey's End, being a Stranger to that Country, he happen'd, the Night being dark, to ride unwarily amongſt the Cole-pits, where his Horſe, by an unfortunate Stumble, threw him out of the Saddle, and he groping about in hopes to recover his Horſe, had the dangerous Accident of tumbling into a Cole-pit, where ſome of the ſmuttery Fraternity were very buſy at their Labour, who hearing ſomething fall rumbling down, thro' the dark Paſſage that led to their ſubterranean Cavern, thought at firſt it might prove a Sheep or a Lamb, ſuch Accidents being not uncommon; but upon Search, were ſatisfy'd in what they had miſ-conjectured, and found, to their great Surprize, that a luſty fat Fellow was come down Head foremoſt to make them a Viſit: They imagin'd no other, than that he had broke his Neck; but upon farther Examination, found they were much miſtaken, for they did not only perceive him breathe, but ſee him ſtare and rowl his Eyes like a *Hell-mite* in a raving Fit: Upon which one of the Cole Operators, whoſe Fleſh was tinctur'd of an

Esbiq.

*Ethiopian Colour, ask'd him, What sent you hither Friend? To which he answer'd, after a deep Sigh Thirty in the Hundred, and please your Worship. What Trade were you then, says the Miner, that your Profit was so great? Sir, reply'd the frightened Sufferer, merciful, good Satan! a Pawn-Broker, and please your Worship. What dost thou take me to be, says the Collier? The Devil, and please your Honour, replies the Broker. Where then do you think you are got, cries Beauty? To Hell, and please your Grace, says the other. Prithon says Smug, if thou takest me to be the Devil, what maketh thee Honour and Worship me up in this manner? Ah Sir, reply'd the trembling Extortioner, I always hold a Candle to the Devil in the Upper World, and after I found my self thus trepann'd into your own Dominions, thought it was best to treat your Worship with Respect that you might use me with the more Tenderness; for I am very Fat, and always hated hot Weather, or a Fire as bad as a Cricket does an Ice-house; therefore I beg your Honour to be merciful. Upon which the Collier undeciev'd him, and finding him but little hurt, kept him 'till the Morning, and then restor'd him to his lost Region, the Earth, the Surface of which he was as glad to see as ever an *Algiers* Slave was to see his Native Country.*

*Thus Men once fall'n into a wretched State,
For their own Ease, must flatter those they hate.
The smooth-tongu'd Hypocrite, to Fawning given,
Always fares best in ev'ry Place, but Heaven.*

A most remarkable and strange Story of a Reformed Whore.

A Gentleman in the Heat of Summer, walking alone in the Fields, contemplating with himself, being extremely a-thirst, stept into the first House that offered it self, and called for a Cup of Beer, seating himself in the first Room next to the

Street. He had not long before two or three young Wenches came skittily in and out of the Room; and seeing him a Man of Fashion, they thought to make a Booty of him, for it prov'd a Common-Bawdy-House. The youngest and handsomest of them, entreated him, not to be drawn where every Porter and Common-Fellow came to Drink, but to take a more convenient and private Room. The Gentleman suspected the Plot, yet being willing to see some Fashions, and to receive a Proffer, and went up Stairs; where they were alone (and a Bed in the Room) she was brought up, she began to offer him more than a common Courtisie, being so far from Modesty, that almost prostituted her self were he not. Prebending, he asked her in plain English, what were not meer Provocations to make him do, which she as plainly confest. To which he answered, that he was willing to stand at her Disposal, for, only for Modesty's sake, he desired her to draw him into a darker Room. She led him into several Rooms; but still he told her, that none of these were dark enough: insomuch, that she began to be to dislike him, because in all that Time he had not made her one friendly Proffer. At length he drew him into a close narrow Room, with nothing but a loop-hole for Light, and told him, Sir, with purpose to go into the Cole-hole, this is the best Place in the House: How doth this please you? To whom he answered, Unless (that Heaven will) I canst bring me to a place, into which the Angels of Heaven cannot pierce and see me, then canst thou persuade me to an Act so detestable, and hated of all good Men; for cannot the Eye of Heaven look in upon Wickedness? Or, sayst he, if thou art so unwilling to think Divinity but a Dream, yet do bid her consider her State in this Room, and what her best could be, a Whore: Then

Aethiopian Colour, ask'd him. *What sent you hither, Friend?* To which he answer'd, after a deep Sigh, *Thirty in the Hundred, and please your Worship. When Trade were you then,* says the Miner, *that your Profit was so great?* Sir, reply'd the frightened Sufferer, *be merciful, good Satan! a Pawn-Broker, and please your Worship. What dost thou take me to be,* says the Collier? *The Devil,* and please your Honour, replies the Broker. *Where then do you think you are got,* cries Beauty? *In Hell,* and please your Grace, says the other. *Prithu,* says Smug, *if thou takest me to be the Devil, what maketh thee Honour and Worship me up in this manner?* Ah! Sir, reply'd the trembling Extortioner, *I always hold a Candle to the Devil in the Upper World, and after I found my self thus trepann'd into your own Dominions, I thought it was best to treat your Worship with Respect, that you might use me with the more Tenderness; for I am very Fat, and always hated hot Weather, or a Fire, as bad as a Cricket does an Ice-house; therefore I beg your Honour to be merciful.* Upon which the Collier undeciv'd him, and finding him but little hurt, kept him 'till the Morning, and then restor'd him to his lost Region, the Earth, the Surface of which he was as glad to see as ever an *Algiers* Slave was to see his Native Country.

*Thus Men once fall'n into a wretched State,
For their own Ease, must flatter those they hate.
The smooth-tongu'd Hypocrite, to Fawning given,
Always fares best in ev'ry Place, but Heaven.*

A most remarkable and strange Story of a Reformed Whore.

A Gentleman in the Heat of Summer, walking alone in the Fields, contemplating with himself, being extremely a-thirst, stept into the first House that offered it self, and called for a Cup of Beer, seating himself in the first Room next to the Street.

Street. He had not sate long, before two or three young Wenches came skittishly in and out of the Room; and seeing him a Man of Fashion, they thought to make a Booty of him, for it proved a Common-Bawdy-House. The youngest and handsomest of them, entreated him, not to be seen below, where every Porter and Common-Fellow come to Drink, but to take a more convenient and retired Room. The Gentleman suspected the Place, yet being willing to see some Fashions, took her gentle Proffer, and went up Stairs; where they Two being alone (and a Bed in the Room,) Beer being brought up, she began to offer him more than common Courtisie, being so far from Modesty, that she almost prostituted her self unto him, which he apprehending, he asked her in plain Terms, if these were not meer Provocations to incite him to Lust? which she as plainly confessed. To which he replied, that he was willing to accept of her kind Proffer, only for Modesty's sake, he desired her to shew him into a darker Room. She led him into several Rooms; but still he told her, that none of these were dark enough: insomuch, that she began at last to dislike him, because in all that Time he had not made her one friendly Proffer. At length she brought him into a close narrow Room, with nothing but a loop-hole for Light, and told him; Sir, unless you purpose to go into the Cole-hole, this is the darkest Place in the House: How doth this please you? To whom he answered, Unless (thou Strumpet) thou canst bring me to a place, into which the Eyes of Heaven cannot pierce and see me, thou canst not perswade me to an Act so detestable, and hated by all good Men; for cannot the Eye of Heaven behold us here in our Wickedness? Or, says he, if thou art so irreligious to think Divinity but a Dream or Fable; yet he bid her consider her State in this Life, and what her best could be, a Whore: The Name

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odious,

odious, the Profession abominable; that she was a Sink of Sin and Diseases; that she was a continual Vassal to every Constable and Beadle, never certain of her Lodging, but in *Bridewell*. To conclude, he read unto her so strict a Lecture, that from an impudent Strumpet, he wrought her to be a repentant Convert; and she appeared to him in her former simple and innocentious Life; and protested with Tears, that Course of Life was hateful to her, and had she any Friend or Kinsman, that could propose her any Means to relinquish that Trade, which in her Soul she detested, she would become a New-Woman; for from that Hour she vowed Chastity all her Lifetime after. Upon Enquiry of her Birth and Name, he found he had formerly been acquainted with her Father, who had now been some time dead. But for his sake, and her apparent Tears, and seeming Penitence, he told her, if it lay in him, He would otherwise dispose of her according to her Wishes; and withal charged her, That if he sent unto her within Two or Three Days with Money, to acquit her self of the House, that she would attire her self as modestly as possibly she could, and instantly repair unto him, at his first sending; and this being agreed betwixt them, for that Time they parted. The Gentleman, wondrous careful of his Undertaking (because she was now his New-Creature) came to a Kinswoman of his, afar off; and told her there was a civil Maid, (a Kinswoman of his, lately come out of the Country) who wanted a Service, whom if she pleased to entertain, it might prove a great Good to her, and no less Courtesie to him. This Motion being accepted, she was sent for according to Appointment, and entertain'd. Her modest Behaviour and fair Carriage, with her tender Love and Diligence about the Children, won her in a short Time a good Opinion of her Master, and great Affection from her Mistress, and a general Love

From the whole Household: Insomuch, that within less than a Year, she was raised from a Chamber-Maid, to be a Waiting-Gentlewoman, and the only Bosome Friend of her Mistress; who falling sick, even to Death, so much doted on her New Servant, that she sent for her Husband, and desired him, that if he thought of Marriage after her Decease, to make that Woman his Wife, and Mother to her Children. The Gentlewoman soon after dies, he is left a Widower, and the Charge of the whole House committed to our New Convert, with the bringing up of his Children; which she executed with such Fidelity, that he casting a more curious Eye upon her Youth and Beauty; and withal remembring his Wife's last Words, he contracted himself unto her, and they were soon after married. But before any of these last Passages happened, I must remember you; That instantly upon the Preferment of this young Woman, the Gentleman who brought her this Fortune, adventured all his Means upon a Voyage, which miscarried (for the Ship wherein he sailed, was taken by the Spaniards, and he almost a Twelve-month kept a Prisoner at *Lisbon*.) But at length, being ransomed, he came for his Country, but so poorly and dejected, that he was ashamed to shew himself to any of his Friends; but walked up and down by Owl-light, having scarce an honest Rag to cover him from Nakedness, or hide him from Shame. It happened, that just upon his Return the old Man dy'd too, and left her possess'd of Eight Hundred a Year, during the Minority of the Children, but the Thirds howsoever; and withal, so great and good Opinion he had of her, that he made her full Executrix. Now just as she was following the Hearse to the Church (having divers Suitors before her Husbands Body was scarce cold) this Gentleman by chance coming by, like the Picture of the Prodigal, she casting her Eye aside, had espied him, and presently apprehended

him to be the Man he was, and whispering a Servant in the Ear, bid him fall into Discourse with him, to enquire his Name and his Lodging, and so proceeded to the Funeral; but in any case to speak nothing as from her. The Servant fell off from the Train, and did as he was commanded, and brought her true Word how all Things stood. The next Morning (by her Appointment) came a Gentleman very early to his Lodging, (she having taught him his Lesson beforehand) who desired to speak with him, and first asked his Name, which (tho' unwilling) he told him: The other proceeded, that if he was the same Man he pretended, he had heard of his Worth and noble Qualities. and withal, of his Casualties at Sea; and not willing that any Gentleman should groan beneath so great a Burthen, told him there was a Hundred Pounds, bad him furnish himself with Apparell, and other Necessaries, and so was ready to take his leave. The other in Extasie, with so great a Courtesie from a Stranger, desired to know what reason he had to be so Charitable, what hope he had of future Satisfaction, or at least to resolve him what Security he demanded? The other answered, that for the first, his Courtesie was grounded upon his Worth; his Satisfaction was in his Acknowledgement; and his Security in that he knew him honest; and told him some Three Days after he would call upon him, when he was Habited like himself, to intreat his farther Acquaintance, and so presently left him. He was troubled in his Mind above Wonder, to receive such a Bounty from a Man unknown, when all his Kindred and familiar Friends Friends were asham'd of his Acquaintance; yet took the Benefit of the present Occasion, and suited himself according to his former, not present Fortunes. When the Gentleman came according to his Promise, he seemed glad to see this present Alteration, and withal entreated him to walk abroad with

him to Dinner; he willingly assented, not once manding whither. In the mean time, the late Widow had provided a great Feast, to which she had invited all her Suitors, this Gentleman whom she had employ'd being one of the chiefest. Meat was upon the Table, the Guests ready to sit down: Now the last that came in, were the Two New Friends. In comes the Widow, to bid them all welcome. This new made up Gentleman, ignorant of whatsoever has happen'd, demanded of his Friend if it were not such a Woman? Who briefly told him all; how she came a Stranger to the House, and what a Fortune by her good Demeanor she had in a short time purchased: That she was now a Widow, had such and such Means left, and all, or most of these Gentlemen (and himself among the rest) were Suitors, and that their hope was, this Day she would make choice of a Husband: Whatsoever he thought, he said nothing for the present. The Widow's turn was to place every Man according to his Degree, or at least to her own Fancy: This New Gentleman was neglected, and the Stools being furnished, left standing at the Window: She only took place at the Table's end, leaving her Husband's Chair empty; when suddenly starting up, Methinks, says she, some one in this Room might be well spared, for we have more Guests than Stools. The Gentleman at these Words bit his Lip, and was intreated to sit down by his Friend: but, says the Widow, is this a Suitor too? No question some that either hath borrowed his Cloaths, or ingaged all his Credit for this one New Suit, in hope to gain the Widow; but Women are now a-days grown more wise, by whose Acquaintance came he hither? Mine, answered his Friend: Then says she, perhaps he wants a Dinner, and hath not Money to pay for his Ordinary: Well, he may sit down amongst the rest; some of you there make him some small Elbow-room. These Words made him wish himself

himself again a Prisoner in *Lisbon*, or any where but
 where he was: This was Sport to the rest, but, tor-
 ture to him, who much blamed her Ingratitude;
 yet arming himself with Patience, he sat down silent
 with an ill Stomach, eating as little as he spake.
 All were merry at the Table, some of them making
 him their Mirth, the rather to please her. A Health
 went round to the Widow's next Husband. All, but
 him, pledged it gladly, he enforcedly. At length
 rising from her Chair; Methinks, says she, we are
 all merry, only that Gentleman at the lower end of
 the Table is melancholy; but I know the reason, it
 is perhaps, because he is plac'd so low; but if that
 be his Disease, I have for it a present Remedy:
 When walking so him where he sat, she desired him
 to remove, for she had another Place for him. He
 intreating her not to torment him no farther, refus-
 ed to rise; but she would needs enforce him, the
 rest likewise perswading; as wondering what farther
 Sport she would make with him. Well, said he, I
 am yours to Day, but will be my own ever here-
 after; and so being drawn by her to the upper end
 of the Room, like a Bear to the Stake, where her
 Husband's Chair stood empty: Now, Sir, says she,
 with a more serious Countenance than before) My
 New Husband sit here in my Old Husband's Chair,
 and bid these your Guests welcome; still he fretted,
 and they laugh'd; as before: Then she craving Par-
 don for so abusing his Patience, openly protested,
 That this Meeting was purely for his Sake, and to
 make them Witnesses of their present Contract: For
 if he refused her to Wife, she vowed never to have any
 other Husband: Acknowledging, that all her Fortunes
 (next to Divine Providence) came by his Goodness,
 (omitting the former Circumstances) and that she
 knew no way better to express her Gratitude, than to
 confer them on him, by whom they first came. They
 were there contracted, the Suitors Witnesses, and
 soon after married.

A Pleasant Story of a Dancing-Ball, or a Comical Revenge.

IN the City of *Bolona*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, I lived a Gentleman, young and beautiful, of a large Estate, and by Profession a Lawyer; it happened that there was a Feast made by an Eminent Citizen, to which was an Invitation of many very beautiful Ladies and young Gentlemen, married and unmarried; this young Lawyer being one; after Dinner was a Mask of Dancing and Singing: This Gentleman, not being of a very constant Temper, was a general Lover; sometimes he dallied with one, and the next Minute was mighty complaisant with another, having a Heart like Quick-Silver, never to be fixt. Amongst the many Ladies that were there assembled, he had cast his Eye upon Three that sat together, and perceiving them for his purpose, (being Three notable Citizens Wives) he determined to dance with them, one after another. The first he address'd himself to was one *Juliana*, a famous Druggster's Wife, with whom he desired to dance: She being of a gentle Disposition, was easily entreated. This young Gentleman (whose Name was *Timazo*) taking her by the Hand, led up the Dance very softly, that he might have the greater Opportunity of expressing himself unto her, which he did by secret Whispers, and wringing her by the Hand, and withal told her, Since he first saw the Light, he had not beheld her equal; that she had charmed his Soul into an Extasie, and except she took Compassion upon him he must certainly languish even to Death. Now *Juliana*, who earnestly had marked his sweet Words, like a wise Lady seemed not to give ear to them, and therefore made him no answer at all. The Dance being ended, and *Juliana* set down in her Place, *Timazo* takes a second by the Hand that sat next to *Juliana*, and began a Dance with her; saying, Madam, pray pardon

don me, if it be a Fault to love that which is all Perfection: Your Eyes have darted their Beams so thick upon my Heart, that there is no Medicine that can cure my Grief but a Return of your Love; for without it I shall be ever miserable. The young Lady, whose Name was *Panthea*, did not answer him any thing at that time; but modestly proceeded in her Dance, which being ended, smiling a little, she sat down by the other Ladies. This done, she Amorous *Tomazo* rested not till he had taken the third by the Hand, and began to dance with her; before the Dance was ended, he began after this manner: Madam, the God of Love (and being a Deity, I dare not disobey him) has found a way to pierce this Heart of mine, that could not behold any Object in the whole World, before I saw your incomparable Person, on whom I could ever fix my Love; but the Artillery of your Radiant Beams have conquered what was before impregnable. This Lady (whose Name was *Joanna*) thinking the Words he uttered had come from the very Heart of *Tomazo*, could not dissemble her Sighs; but weighing her Honour, because she was married, gave him no answer at all; and the Dance ended, she returned to her Place. Now these Three Ladies sitting close together, whilst others were dancing, they were diverting themselves with merry Discourse; amongst the rest *Juliana*, in a jocular manner said, Ladies, I'll tell you a pleasant Accident which happened to me this Day. What is that, replied the other Two Ladies? I have, says she, gotten, this Night in dancing, a Courteous Lover, a Gentleman very Fair, his Behaviour Excellent, his Words Charming, he told me, That he was so enflamed with my Beauty, that he took no rest Day nor Night; and so from point to point rehearsed unto them all that he had said. Which *Panthea* and *Joanna* hearing, answered, That the same had chanced to them; and before the Feast was over, they

they all knew him, that was the Lover: And finding 'twas all Dissimulation, and not faithful Love, they were resolved to contrive some way to requite him for his wonderful Passion.

Juliana was the first that laid her Design, which was after this manner; she sent her Maid to inform him, that she hated to be ungrateful to one that loved her, as he had declared he did; and therefore desired his Company one Night at her House. *Tomazo* received the Invitation with a great deal of Joy; returning back abundance of Thanks, and that if she pleased, he could wish it were that Evening, if her Husband were not at home. In this time *Juliana* caused a certain Number of Fagots of sharp Thorns to be made, and laid under the Bed, where she designed to lie. When Night was come *Tomazo* repaired towards the House, and calling at the Door with a Watch-Word, the same immediately opened; he was received by the Lady with a great deal of seeming Kindness; and after a small Collation, they withdrew themselves into the Chamber, where he thought to revel in her Arms, and enjoy all the Sweetness of Love. *Tomazo* had no sooner pull'd off his Cloaths, thinking to go to Bed, but her Husband came home. *Juliana* seemed as if she had been at her Wit's end, and could not tell whither to convey her Amorous Spark; at last entreated him to hide himself under the Bed. *Tomazo* seeing the Danger, both he and the Wife were in, not taking with him any other Garment but his Shirt, crept under the Bed; where he was so cruelly prick'd and scratch'd with the Thorns, that there was no part of his Body free from Blood, yet durst not cry out for fear the Husband should find him there, and kill him. In the Morning, when the Husband was gone forth, the poor *Tomazo* puts on his Cloaths so well as he could, and all bloody as he was, he returned to his Lodging, and was like to die. But by the Help of Phy-

sicians, in a short time after he recovered his former Health.

A little after this, he began to pursue his Love with the other Two, *Panthea* and *Joanna*, and found a convenient Opportunity one Evening to speak to *Panthea*; to whom he rehearsed his Grievs, and continual Torment, begging her to have Compassion on him: She having laid her Design ready, seemed with a little Intreaty to consent to his Request. He enters with her into the House, and so up Stairs into her Chamber, and immediately, without any more Compliments, disrobes himself to his Shirt, she desiring him to go with her into a little Closet where all her Essences and Sweet-smells were, to the Intent he might perfume him before he went to Bed. The young *Tomazo*, not doubting the Subtilty of this designing Fair One, entered the Closet, and setting his Foot upon a Board unnailed from the Joynt, fell so deep into a Store-House, where Merchants use to lay their Cotton and Wool, that he thought Death had immediately been his Reward; but as Fortune would have it, he had not the least hurt. The poor *Tomazo* being in this dark Place, began to seek for some Dcor or Ladder to go out, and finding nothing for his purpose, he curst the Hour and the Time that ever he knew *Panthea*: When the dawning of the Day began to appear, he perceiyed a great Crack in the Wall which gave some Light, and the Wall being much decayed, he pluck'd out Stones, and so made a great Hole; and through that got out into the Street, and in his Shirt (as he was) without Shoes or Stockings, walked thro' many Streets of the City e'er he got home to his Lodging.

A little while after, *Joanna*, understanding how delicately her Two Confidants had entertain'd the lovely Esquire, attempted to give him the Third; which was not inferiour to the Two former Contrivances. To effect which purpose, she made it her

Business, seemingly, to love those Places he did most frequently walk in for a refreshing Air; and would often cast her Glances on him, seconded with many dissembled sighs. She (in some little Progress of Time) observing him to catch eagerly from her, what was but feigned, sends him a Letter by an old Woman, to this Effect. That she was absolutely lost to the Enjoyments of this World, which only could center in his Charming Person, whose Company she earnestly wish'd to embrace. He (forgetting the Misery he had suffered by his former Intrigues) presents his Thanks in all the loving Expressions a young Amorist could invent, and desired that the Evening following he in Person might wait upon her. He accordingly approaches the House, where he had immediate Reception; she, to compleat her Design, had prepared a Banquet of Sweet-Meats to entertain him; part whereof (designed for his eating) were compounded of such Lethargick Ingredients, as would make the Receiver sleep for several Hours; of this Entertainment he eat heartily, and so undrest himself for the Bed, on which he had no sooner laid him down, but they began to operate, and made him like an insensible lump of Clay. She commands two strong Servant-Maids to convey him naked into the middle of the Street, with a Stone under his Head for a Pillow: Upon the Days approaching, the sleeping Quality of those Drugs he had taken, began to loose their Virtue; and benumm'd *Thomas*, upon some little recovery of his Senses, finds himself a third time fool'd by the Snares of that bewitching Sex; and creeping home, as well as his frozen Body would give him leave, he resolves upon so strict a Revenge against these cruel Ladies, as should equal their barbarous Usage of a Young and Able Gentleman. And that there might not be the least Suspicion of his Intentions towards them, he lets this pass for a whole Years time, before he prosecuted his Design.

At length he hired a fair Houſe in the City, which was very beautifully furniſhed, and had belonging to it a very ſpacious Hall, fit for the Entertainment of a great Aſſembly. This being prepared, he provides a great Feaſt, and invites ſeveral Ladies and Gentlemen, and by the Means of another Lady (which he made his Conſident) theſe Three Ladies before-mentioned, were deſired to be there; ſome little Difference happ'ning between *Juliana* and her Husband, ſhe would not appear there barefac'd, her Husband being invited; the other two, *Panthea* and *Jeanna*, to accompany her, went with her diſguiſed. The Evening was come when the Feaſt was provided, and all the Gueſts were met, they had Muſick to entertain 'em before Supper: *Tomazo* takes ſeveral of the Ladies, that were there to view his Lodgings, and the whole Houſe, and brought them back again into the Hall. Preſently after he deſired the Three diſguiſ'd Ladies (I before-mentioned) to walk along with him; who rather than to be taken notice of, willingly followed him. He let them through ſeveral Rooms, 'till he came to a Bed-Chamber far diſtant from the Company, that he had deſigned for his Purpoſe; where being no ſooner entered, he ſecures the Door, locking it very faſt, and then breaks out to what he intended. Ladies, ſays he, although you think your ſelves diſguiſed from my Knowledge, yet I muſt now inform you, That the real Intent of this Meeting was to make you ſenſible of ſome Return, for your late Favours vouchſafed to your humble Servant. Therefore, you Hard-hearted cruel Creatures, I, by your Example, have armed my ſelf againſt all Humanity; and firſt to begin my Revenge, uncloth your ſelves to that Nakedneſs as ſhall expoſe you bare to my view, without any covering but what Nature has given you: They looking on each other, with a Countenance that would have moved Compaſſion in any but the

abused *Tomazo* ; immediately fell on their Knees before him, and with Tears, and all the earnest Intreaties that Words could express, they besought him to spare them, both in Honour and Life ; but he was as deaf as an Adder to all their Cries, and made them obey his Commands : Being Naked, he disposes of their Cloaths, and all other Things they wore, in another Room. *Tomazo* seeing them laid one by another on the Bed that was in the Room, he cover'd them all over with a fine Holland-Sheet, that no part of their Bodies might be seen or known ; and shutting the Chamber Door after him, he went down to their Husbands, who were dancing in the Hall : The Dance being ended, he brought them into the Chamber where the Three Muses lay in the Bed, saying, Sirs, I have brought you into this place, to shew you the fairest Things that ever you saw in all your Lives. Then approaching near the Bed, with a Taper in his Hand, he lifted up the Sheet at the Beds-feet, discovering these fair Ladies even to their Knees ; from thence he laid them bare up to the Navel. The Husbands viewed their Thighs with a great deal of Pleasure, which were whiter than Monumental Alabaster : Then he lays the Sheet up to their Necks ; the Sight would have constrained the great God *Jupiter* to have embrac'd and kiss'd them. I omit not to think, in what a lamentable Case these poor naked Ladies were ; hearing how their Husbands laugh, and mock'd them all the while ; they durst not so much as cough for fear of being known. Their Husbands were earnest with *Tomazo* to discover their Faces ; but that he would by no means consent unto. But he carried them into the next Room, and shewed their Cloaths. The Husbands were amazed ! saying one to another, is not this the Petticoat I bought my Wife ? And this lac'd Handkerchief does belong to mine. And this I dare believe, says the other, is my Wife's Cornet. Being got out of the

the Chamber; they would have gone immediately home, which he would not suffer till after Supper: Coming up into the Room again, says he, How do you fair Ladies? Did you hear your Husbands? They tarry for you at Supper: Rise, rise for Shame, and dress you, the Gentlewomen below wait for your coming down. The poor Ladies rising up, and turning to *Timazo*, said, Sir, you have had sufficient Revenge upon us; therefore we intreat you to suffer us to go home to our Houses unknown, that our Honours may be saved? To which he consented, and as soon as they were ready, he conveyed them secretly out at a private way.

As soon as they got home, they pulled off all the Cloaths they had then on, folding them up, and laid them by, dressing themselves in other Cloaths, that when their Husbands came home, they might not suspect 'em. Supper being ended, the Husbands repaired to their Houses, each of them demanding of his Wife, where she had been this Evening? And what was become of such and such Things as he bought her? They well assured of themselves, answered boldly, that they were not out of their Houses all that Night, and shewed them all those Cloaths, and other Things they desired to see. Upon which they abandoned all Suspicion, and told them to every particular what they had seen that Night. They seemed to laugh heartily at the Relation, and after a little Time went to Bed.

Timazo had divers Intrigues with these Ladies, and because at that time he did not expose their Reputations, they all consented to his Love, and he at several times afterwards enjoyed them.

The mournful Widow joyfully Mistaken; or, Old Simon committed to the Flames.

A Young Widow, who was not deformed, having lately buried a Reverend old Husband, called old *Simon*, had been so used to a Bed-fellow, that she could not sleep without one, but could brook the Thoughts of none but her dear Husband; and for his sake, she ordered a Carver to make her a Statue of Wood, as near his Figure as he could; which every Night (being well warmed) had a Shirt and Night-Cap put on, and was laid by her Side, in remembrance of her dear Husband, that she might at least embrace him in Effigie. At length a young Gentleman that had a great Passion for her, had (by the Intercession of some Guinea's) prevailed with her Maid to lay him one Night in the place of old *Simon*; and the Widow came to Bed to him, and casting her Hand over her dear Husband's Statue, she felt, (she thought) a more agreeable Warmth than usual; Nay, she fancied it was alive, and had Motion; she was not affrighted at it (which is wonderful) but by degrees came closer, and closer to her Side-mate, 'till at length they came very close together, by which she perceived that it was not her wooden Bed-fellow. In the Morning the Maid called at the Chamber Door, as she used to do, Madam, what will you have for Dinner? She replied, Roast the Turkey was brought in Yesterday, boil a Leg of Mutton and Colliflowers, and get a good Dish of dried Fruit. Madam, says the Maid, I think we have hardly Billets enough for a quick Fire? You may burn old *Simon*, says the Mistress; burn old *Simon*.

The Scotch Lover's Primrose.

IN the beginning of the Spring, when scarce one Flower was seen to bud out, a *Scotch Gallant* espying a *Primrose* fairly blown; and going to pluck it, considered with himself how much more proper it might be for his *Mistress* to gather it with her fair Hands, and resolves to intreat her thither; but fearing it should be pluck'd in his Absence, he covered it with his Hat, and walks to the Lady's Chamber. In the mean time one passing by, takes up the Hat, snops the Flower, leaving in the room thereof a Rose of a stronger savor, covers it with the Hat and departs. Presently after comes in the *Scotch Man* leading of his Lady, expressing the rarity of the Flower, his fortune to find it, and that none but her *Virgin Hand* was fit to pluck it. Where is this Flower, quoth she, you so much commend? here, sweetest Lady, answered he, carefully covered with my Beaver; and with that (curiously removing on't) discovers the Flower in a smoaking Fragancy. The *Scotch Man* blushes, the Lady rails. What he then thought, or how her dainty Nostrils took it, is left to the Reader's Conception.

The Covetous Welsh Man.

MAJOR *Williams*, commanding a Foot Company in the *Low-Countries*, entertained a lusty tall *Welsh Man* into his Company, and promised him a Rix-Dollar a Week to carry a Pike; and being lusted, and having the Pike upon his Shoulder, he steps in haste to the Major, saying, *Ant please her good Uysip, vos promise hir a Rix-Dollar a Week to carry this; I beseech hir good Uysip give hir five more, her can carry six, that hir may have six Dollars a Week.*

The Soldier's Negligence; or, The angry Widow's Revenge.

IN the late civil Wars, a Corporal being to quarter a Troop in a small Village, sent one to an old Widow's House, who told the Soldier she had but one Bed, and that she lay in her self, it being almost Night, and he weary with travelling, told her that for one Night he would be content to lodge in that, and hasted to Bed, being laid, fell fast asleep, soon after the old Woman went also and laid down by him: She seeing him a handsome Man, clean Skinned, and of a fresh Complexion, and warm Blood, laid close; about Midnight he waked to make Water, and having set by the Pot, and laid down, the old Woman being awake spoke to him, Soldier, Soldier, prethee step over me and lye on this side, for I sleep best on that side; he to please her did so, and fell asleep again; she had not lain long before she pulled him by the Arm and wak'd him; Soldier, I prethee come over me and lye in your own place again, I have occasion to rise and ease Nature, to Bed she came again; and had not been long in Bed before she waked him the third time, Soldier, Soldier, I hear Thieves, prethee Soldier let me come over you, and lye you in my Place, you are best able to deal with them. She finding the Soldier very cold to answer her hot Desires, rises, he being fast asleep, pulled the Bed-cloths off him, and took the Chamber-pot, which was full of a large stinking Sop in it, and threw it all upon the Soldier, saying, *Soldier, Soldier, since you will have none of the Flesh, e'en take the Broth.*

The Thieving Goldsmith required in his own Coin.

TWO Gentlemen Travelling into the Country, one of them who had a Hundred Pounds in his Port-manteau, alighting from his Horse by a Wood-side,

side, to ease his Body, a Fellow comes out of the Wood upon him, with a Rabbit in his Hand, desiring the Gentleman to buy it of him; but he refused him, telling him he knew not what to do with it, being troublesome to carry: Whereupon, the Fellow whistles, and out comes a second; says the first to him, *Robin*, the Gentleman says he won't buy the Rabbit: How's that, says the second! But he must buy the Rabbit; and so he whistles, and then out comes two more, To whom the second says, why the Gentleman refuses to buy the Rabbit; How refuse it, say they! But he must not refuse it; for he shall buy the Rabbit. The Gentleman looking one of them earnestly in the Face, knew him to be a Goldsmith, that lived in *London*; upon which he replied, Well, Sirs, if I must buy the Rabbit, Pray what is the Price of it? Says the Goldsmith, only the Money in your Portmanteau: That's very dear, replied the Gentleman, to give a Hundred Pound for a Rabbit: That's very true, says the Goldsmith, were it an ordinary Rabbit; but you never saw a fatter in your Life, and that's the Price, and you shall buy it, Well, says the Gentleman, if I must buy it, there's your Money; so they gave him the Rabbit. The Gentleman mounts his Horse, and in a little riding, overtakes his Friend; to whom he says, since you left me, I have bought a Rabbit, and we'll have it roasted for Supper: You shall pay me what the Rabbit cost me, and for the roasting, and I'll find Liquor to it; with all my Heart replies his Friend. Coming to the Inn at Night, 'twas accordingly done; Supper being ended, he asked, what he gave for the Rabbit? why truly, says the Gentleman, I had it cheap, it cost me but a Hundred Pounds. A Hundred Pounds, said his Friend! sure, you can't be in earnest! Upon that, he tells him all the preceding Story; and withal, that he did not doubt but to recover his Money again. Coming up to *Law*.

After a little time after, he acquaints two or three Friends more of this Encounter, and they all agree to get a Parcel of Bullion Silver, and send for this Gold-smith to a Tavern, near his House, and offer it to Sale to him; they did so, the Gentlemen placing his Friends in the next Room; the Gold-smith comes upon the Summons. Sir, says the Gentleman, I have some Bullion Silver, which I desire you to buy: What do you ask an Ounce for it, says the Gold-smith? Seven Shillings and Six Pence, replied the Gentleman; seven and six pence! Why, Sir, that's a Price was never known; and I shall not throw away my Money at that rate: So the Gentleman knocks with his Foot, and in comes one of his Friends; to whom he says. *Ralph*, this Man, says he, won't buy the Silver: How's that, says he, but he shall buy the Silver; and so knocking with his Foot in comes two more, and he tells them the same, How! will you not buy the Silver, Sir? you must and shall buy the Silver. *The Guilt of the Gold-smith's former Fact flying in his Face, returns the Gentleman his Hundred Pounds; and gives him and his Friends a Treat of Ten Pounds more, to prevent them from publishing it to the World.*

SONGS

On MARRIAGE.

HE that is resolv'd to Wed,
 And be by th' Nose, by Women led,
 Let him consider't well e'er he be sped;
 For that lewd Instrument, a Wife,
 If that she be inclin'd to strife,
 Will find a Man shrill Musick all his Life.
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when she's vext,
 Nearer than the Parson do's his Text,
 He's sure to have enough of what comes next:
 And by our Grammer Rules we see,
 Two different Genders can't agree,
 Nor without Solecisms connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
 That Wedlock, or 'tis much bely'd,
 Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
 And this convenience Woman brings,
 That when her angry Mood begins,
 The Husband ne'er wants a sight of's Sins,
The Husband ne'er, &c.

If he by chance offend the least,
 His Pennance shall be well encreast,
 She'll make him sleep a Vigil without a Feast;
 And when's Confession he is framing,
 She will not fail to make's Examen,
 He has nothing else to do, but to say *Amen.*

The Leather Bottle.

NOW God above that made all things,
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;
 The Ships upon the Seas to swim,
 To keep Foes out they come not in:
 Now every one doth what he can,
 All for the Use and Praise of Man,
*I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
 That first devis'd the Leathern Bottle.*

Now what do you say to the Cans of wood?
 Faith, they are naught, they cannot be good;
 When a Man for Beer he doth therein send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend;
 The bearer stumbleth by the way,
 And on the Ground his Liquor doth lay,
 Then straight the Man begins to Ban,
 And swears 'twas long of the Wooden Can;
 But had it been in a *Leathern Bostel*,
 Although he stumbled all had been well,
 So safe therein it would remain
 Untill the Man got up again,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now for the Pots with Handles three,
 Faith they shall have no Praise of me;
 When a Man and his Wife do fall at strife,
 As many I fear have done in their Life:
 They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
 And break the same tho' they were loth;
 Which they shall answer another day,
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away:
 But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
 The one might have tugg'd the other have held;
 They both might have tugg'd till their Heart fell
 And yet no harm the Bottle would take,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now

Now what of the Flaggons of Silver fine,
 Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;
 When a Nobleman he doth them send,
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
 The Man with his Flaggons runs quite away,
 And never is seen again after that day;
 Oh then his Lord begins to Ban,
 And swears he hath lost both Flaggon and Man;
 But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,
 But with a *Leathern Bottle* again would come,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine,
 Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;
 What Friends are at a Table set,
 And by them several sorts of Meat;
 The one loves Flesh the other Fish,
 Among them all remove a Dish:
 Touch but the Glass upon the brim,
 The Glass is broke no Wine left in;
 Then be your Table-Cloth ne'er so fine,
 There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine:
 And doubtless for so small abuse,
 A young Man may his Service lose,
And I wish in Heaven, &c.

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
 And that it will no longer hold;
 Out of the side you may cut a Clout,
 To mend your Shooe when worn out:
 Or hang the other side on a Pin,
 'Twill serve to put many odd Trifles in;
 As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
 For young Beginners needs such Things,
I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That first invented the Leathern Bottel.

English

Bacchus's Health: To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Observed.

First Man stands up with a Glass in's Hand and Sing

Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus,
Here's a Health to Jolly Bacchus, *I-bo, I-bo, I-bo;*
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us, *I-bo, I-bo, I-bo.*

* *At this Star they all bow to each other and sit down.*

† *At this Dagger all the Company beckons to the Drawer.*

* Come sit ye down together,
Come sit ye down together,
Come sit ye down together, *I-bo, I-bo, I-bo;*
And † bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, *I-bo, I-bo, I-bo.*

* *At this Star the first Man drinks his Glass while all the other sing and point at him.*

† *At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the * *Craniam,*
It goes into the *Craniam,*
It goes into the *Craniam, I-bo, I-bo, I-bo;*
And † thou'r't a boon Companion,
And thou'r't a boon Companion,
And thou'r't a boon Companion, *I-bo, I-bo, I-bo.*

Then the second Man takes his Glass, all the Company Singing Here's a Health, &c. so round.

The Contented Mind.

OH how happy's he, who from Business free
Can enjoy his Mistress, Bottle and his Friend;
Not confin'd to State, nor the Pride of Great;
Only on himself, not others death depend:
Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex
If the World goes well a Bumper crown his joy;
If it be not so, then he takes off two;
Till succeeding Glasses, Thinking doth destroy.

When his noddle reels, he to *Celia* steals;
And by Pleasures unconfin'd, runs o'er the Night
In the Morning wakes, a pleasing farewell takes
Ready for fresh tipling, and for new delight:
When his Table's full, oh then he hugs his Soul;
And drinking all their Healths, a welcome doth
When the Cloth's remov'd, then by all approv'd (poor)
Comes the full grace Cup, King George's good success.

The Happiness of a Country Life.

Happy is the Country Life,
Blest with Content, good Health and Ease,
Free from Factions, Noise and Strife,
We only Plot our selves to please:
Peace of Mind the Days Delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure:
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Vertue only is secure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Is no pain, and Youth no share.

F I N I S.



